THE TRAINING AND DEVELOPMENT OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATORS[1]

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ADMINISTRATORS are managers, engaged in making decisions which guide or govern activity. In the public service the administrative or managerial class consists of its ill-defined higher personnel, who from day to day make more or less important decisions under the terms of a statute or order-in-council and who are seldom numerous, at least not compared with that great army of miscellaneous clerks and secretaries who swarm in and out of public buildings. But one must be under no illusion that it is either easy or logical to segregate sharply the members of the administrative group from the many others who work for the government. The boundary line between the administrative function and the non-administrative is often shadowy, and in operations all groups are closely interdependent. The talent of a first-class manager can be frustrated by the incompetence of a third-class secretary. The quality of a public service is scarcely higher than the weakest link in that human chain whereby a decision or command is communicated from a top official to the humblest folk responsible for its transmission or execution. Efficient managers must have competent clerks, with training appropriate to their function. But with the training of clerks, or the conditions affecting it, we are not concerned here.

The present theme has two phases: first, the pre-service training of would-be administrators and the role of educational institutions; second, the training which may be devised within public offices combined with the maintenance of conditions that will give scope to, and draw out, any latent administrative capacity, that is, the internal conditions that affect the development of administrators.

In dealing with the first phase one encounters at the outset a contentious question, endlessly debated, and on which the readers of this article are not likely to be unanimous: Should the state recruit directly from university graduates its administrative personnel? One's answer can only be subjective and empirical. One may decide the issue from a sense of the expediencies in the situation or from one's political philosophy and one's notion of the nature of man. I have no hesitation in giving my own opinion. I accept the obvious fact that in the modern state those who exercise administrative authority increasingly come to

[1]The substance of this article was read at a meeting of the Institute of Public Administration of Canada in Montreal on October 25, 1952.

wield a crucial power which affects my liberties and your liberties, my amenities of life and your amenities, and by their decisions are helping to shape profoundly the environment wherein we live. Even if their function is viewed as something more modest and less positive, the administrators must still be regarded as potentially an advisory and steadying influence in the operations of the state, exposed much less to the currents of popular passion to which the politicians often respond. They cannot escape from giving advice to their political chiefs. As a consequence of their strategic position for exerting wise influence, they should receive as much liberal education as possible to help them in developing intellectual curiosity, flexible minds, and, most important of all, broad sympathies backed by imagination.

If higher education means anything for our civilization in cultivating human wisdom, its meaning should be conveyed into government departments, and not merely through the medium of professional skills but through those trained in humanistic disciplines. It is reasonable to assume that the higher training of administrators in liberal study affects for the better the quality of their performance. Where genuine, this training is highly relevant to the development of their minds as adults. It will not guarantee wise administrators, but should contribute to that end. Consequently, in such a state as Canada, the national government may best recruit for administration through competitive tests men and women who have graduated from a university or the equivalent and who are among the select or superior graduates, since, unfortunately, graduation today at the minimum level may not imply as much as it should, either in the acquirement of liberal knowledge or in the possession of natural capacity. There is, alas, a mediocre tail. The state needs the most finished products of university training, and if in administration they are ineffective, there has been something seriously wrong with their instruction and selection.

Taking college graduation as evidence of intellectual performance admittedly appears arbitrary and is often unsatisfactory. Yet what other test is more feasible especially when it is supplemented by examinations and interviews? Higher education is only a foundation on which a youth may build. Or, to change the metaphor, it is merely the fertilized soil that may nourish the root of natural ability planted in it. If a college has adequately performed its task in any of its courses, it should have taught its graduates not merely to appreciate study, but how to learn and how to express coherent thought. It should develop people, as it has been aptly said, "who may not know all about everything but who are capable of learning almost anything." In public management the capacity to learn and never cease to learn is a cardinal

requirement without a substitute. With it should go intellectual humility, or a real awareness of the limitations in one's own knowledge. "One of the great traditions of the Administrative Civil Service," remarks Sir Oliver Franks, is "that though every official is a man under authority and acts with authority he uses the methods of authority only as a last resort in the conduct of business. He relies instead on the methods of reason to secure the co-operation he needs from his fellow officials or from members of the public. Rational exposition and discussion, persuasion through explanation of policy and the grounds for it, are his chosen weapons." This persuasive role of a public service in a democracy reinforces the plea for higher training of an exacting type.

It has been an issue of wordy debate, especially in the neighbouring republic, whether the preparatory education should be grounded in the humanities or solely in the social sciences. Actually it should be solely in neither one nor the other, provided that it is not too narrowly specialized and is designed whatever its content to develop intellectual care and broad understanding. To adopt a useful if ugly American term, it may often be better to recruit from generalists than from specialists. James Forrestal, who possessed himself a rare administrative ability, shrewdly remarks on the Washington scene that the specialized categories of practical knowledge (such as law, statistics, and economics in the narrower sense) have obvious uses, but that "sometimes people with such specialized training tend to rely too much on the techniques of their training to the detriment of practical solutions." To him at least a broad humanistic education was preferable for public management. But in a department variety in the educational background of officials is an asset, for it fosters appreciation of those diverse streams which enter our culture and shape our community. Inevitably most candidates today are likely to have taken such subjects as history, politics, economics, commerce, and law, or a grouping of these, but students of other disciplines, provided that they have pursued deep study, should not be discouraged from seeking entrance to the class of administrators. It is hardly a loss but a gain to enlist some recruits whose main concentration may have been on classical philosophy and history, or on medieval thought and institutions, and have them commence an administrative career alongside those who have studied mainly the works of the modern economists and political thinkers. The interaction of minds trained differently is a stimulus to all concerned. This is certainly preferable to a recruitment confined to those who have exclusively concentrated on a prescribed selection of the social sciences, and who might be prone to develop the conceit that they had social truth firmly by the tail. Stereotyped thought, often the product of

uniform training, can be a menace in public management, for it holds out little hope for that social invention imperative in the modern state. Administrators are needed, nowhere more than in Canada, whose minds have been enriched in drawing from different cultural springs. While the subject called "Public Administration" in college calendars may be valuable for an undergraduate, especially if interpreted in the broadest sense as the administration of the state, it is not essential for a candidate. But it should be his subject of concentration within the service. There he should be encouraged to study it with a professional zeal.

There is, fortunately, in the universities less complacency today than a generation ago as to the degree of their success in providing a liberal education. Traditional curricula and conventional methods are under critical scrutiny. Even the professional schools after the war in many cases developed a guilty sense that they were not doing enough for their graduates when they provided them simply with a knowledge of the sciences and skills of their profession, and sought, by introducing social sciences and humanistic study, to prepare them to live in a modern state with a better understanding of its complex environment. In the Arts faculties there has been similar self-criticism, although its net product is more confused and less easy to describe and assess. At least the dangers of narrow specialism are recognized, although there is no agreement as to what constitutes a balanced Arts curriculum.

To all of what has been said on the need for recruitment from those with a university training, there is an important caveat: never should the administrative group be recruited exclusively from graduates. A ladder is needed for capable youths who at an earlier age and with less education enter the clerical grades but show the ability to climb into administrative positions. To ensure that there is a career open to talent is not only in keeping with sound administrative principles in any organization but is specially justified in the democratc state whose ethos is the widening of opportunity for all. To prescribe the desirable, however, is not to simplify the task of achieving it, and difficult issues are involved in creating the appropriate atmosphere for wholesome emulation. One essential condition is the opportunity for every youth to receive within the service such careful direction and effective training as will draw out his own powers, inspire him to excel, and enable him to demonstrate his claim upon promotion. This opportunity fosters morale and gives reality to the metaphor of a ladder.

Not merely is it desirable that capable youths be promoted from the clerical to the administrative category, but some older individuals with experience gleaned outside the service may judiciously be recruited. In

this way the limitations of a strictly "closed career" can be partly avoided and elements of fresh thought and diverse experience may be introduced. But one must not minimize the difficulties involved in the recruitment of men to the upper rungs of the ladder, especially the problems of morale and personal adjustment. To this matter I shall return later.

Such are the general ideas concerning pre-entrance education and recruitment. Let us briefly relate them to actual policies. From 1908, when the government at Ottawa made the first serious attempt to build a modern service on the basis of merit, British influence was important, although it did not imply a close imitation of British practice. Hence a quick reference to the system at Whitehall is pertinent. It is now almost a century since the British governing class, faced by new and pressing responsibilities, began to create the service that is so distinguished today. Gladstone, Northcote, Trevelyan and their associates were anxious to ensure in the state an upper administrative class, recruited by competition from the most promising youths in the universities. To this end the reformers devised competitive examinations, general in character and related to the existing university studies. The education was not adapted to the examination, but the examination to the education. The aim was to test in candidates, less the quantity and character of their knowledge, than their capacity to learn. While a general education was sought, we may note the apt remarks of Macaulay, who greatly influenced the development of the system: "Nothing can be further from our wish than to hold out premiums for knowledge of wide surface and of small depth. We are of opinion that a candidate ought to be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer."

Ever since the British have retained the essential elements of their tradition developed in the late nineteenth century, including the emphasis upon a general education. But in the competitive examinations greater weight is now given to social studies, and relatively more technicians and specialists are employed. That the British have succeeded in drawing from the universities capable talent is hardly contestable, and on this success much of the real distinction of their service rests. Graham Wallas once claimed that the creation of the modern civil service was "the one great political invention in nineteenth-century England." It is an invention that the men at Westminster have not ceased to cherish and improve, and fortunately there has always been responsible and vocal criticism directed to its improvement.

Inevitably this British invention impressed Canadian statesmen. The Hon. Sydney Fisher, in introducing the important legislation of 1908,

paid generous tribute to the administrators at Whitehall and remarked that in Britain "the science of administration has been advanced far more than in any other country in the world." In pleading for competitive examinations in the Canadian service he bolstered his argument by appropriate quotations from Jowett of Balliol and other architects of the British system. Yet the Government of which Sydney Fisher was a member, while it accepted the idea of competitive examinations, did not attempt to build an administrative class upon British lines. University graduates whenever they applied were welcome enough in the clerical grades, but no consistent policy was pursued to constitute them the special core of an administrative staff, or to make them feel that in the civil service there was any open and attractive avenue to achievement. Some of them—an increasing number—entered as specialists or technicians, and in due course they might become administrators or have administration thrust upon them. But no clearly defined administrative group emerged, and the politicians evidently feared that in the democracy current sentiments were hostile to the idea.

But in the mid-thirties the significant and major step was taken of creating the category of Clerks, Grade 4, recruited from graduates of universities without specialized training. After the Second World War the plan was somewhat revised, the name for the category became Junior Administrative Assistant, and after a year of probation successful candidates might be promoted to an Administrative Assistant. Other slight changes followed, needless to specify. At the outset of this experiment the appointees were confined to a few departments or agencies, but in the post-war years the distribution became wider, and, as recruits multiplied and departments expanded, their place in the administrative set-up of the national government became more secure and more important. The whole development is a stimulant for administrative progress. One may hope that it will set general standards for Canada. It should have the effect (and, so far as I can observe, has had it) of convincing some talented youths at the universities that in national public administration a career is possible, a career that may not bring many glittering prizes, but may be no less attractive than that of the learned professions. Thirty years ago few entertained or could entertain such an idea.

But the development of public administrators depends not merely upon what is done to draw into the service gifted youths with trained minds, although that is imperative. It depends no less upon what is done to create a stimulating environment within public offices, with abundant scope for initiative and thought. With this difficult theme much of the growing literature on the science of public administration

is concerned. It is obvious enough that recruitment itself is affected by the conditions within departments, for ambitious candidates will hardly compete if they feel that they are entering a vocation with dead-ends, approached through drab avenues. The conditions must be such as will not extinguish emulation or dampen ardour. The development of a strong corps of public administrators is related to a multitude of matters respecting their status and work. They require salaries that will secure a reasonable standard of life, logical modes of classification that will not stultify ambition, promotion that will reward achievement, clearly defined lines of responsibility that clarify the task of the official, and conditions of superannuation that will bring a sense of security. Incidentally most of these elementary conditions had hardly existed in the service of Canada at the beginning of the present century. But these matters can be passed over. I am concerned with cardinal but less obvious features of a service that fulfils its purpose, and I may state them as a few general propositions.

It is first to be emphasized that the career of a public servant must be made a learning career. The main significance of a university education inheres in the fact that it is normally an appropriate foundation for the learning process, a process which must be the vital essence of public administration in a society wrenched and torn by radical change. The act of learning in a large government department needs to be planned and organized; it needs sanction and authority from above. It can assume a variety of forms. It may embrace merely an elementary training in the methods and techniques of a department; in other words, the training which any junior officer may now expect to receive. It may, on the other hand, consist in the orientation of a public servant to the broader aspect of departmental work and the relation of such work to the welfare of the community at large. Or again it may be expressed in a seminar consisting of somewhat older officers and concerned with investigating specific and difficult problems of contemporary administration, problems which pertain either to an individual agency wherein the officers are employed or to many agencies. I recall with unmixed pleasure my own participation in a seminar in the federal service in the thirties, and I witnessed then how deep may be the interest aroused among eager young men in the comparative study of public administration—the experiences of other lands and other governments. The most valuable seminars will be those which embrace members from different departments and if possible from outside the public service altogether. Men doing different things will gain much from an attempt to examine together the major premises of their practice. The spirit of careful inquiry in a seminar should be

made to radiate throughout a division and a department, for it nourishes as it also reflects vitality. It helps to sharpen the wits and broaden the understanding.

British experience is here significant. A generation ago the British operated on the principle that the administrative class needed no systematized training; a new recruit learned to be an administrator as he might learn to be an industrial craftsman, by practice. He mastered his job by doing it. In order to swim one must be thrown into the water. A retired civil servant has recently written of his introduction to this leisurely method. As a raw First Division clerk he was taken by a senior official to a room bare of everything except a table, a chair, and a telephone; a fat file of papers was put into his hands, and he was told to see what he could make of it.

> I looked through the file and couldn't make much of it, but presently I made a discovery that seemed so strange that I couldn't believe it. Then I began to think I was going to be a bright Civil Servant, since I had found something which many, much more experienced than I, seemed to have overlooked. I decided I must tell the man about this, so I rang him up . . . and told him my great discovery about the file; all the papers in it were *the wrong way on* . . . the latest on top, the earliest at the bottom. He pointed out that a file was not a book, and said that was the way papers were always arranged in a file in that Department. And that was about all the formal instruction I received when I entered the Civil Service.[2]

The British would still soundly claim that the individual must learn by practice. But also they have come to recognize that in this technological age, when time seems so important, a necessary aid to practice is organized learning, organized not merely in the interest of individuals but in the interest of departments and the whole service. The planned pooling of thought and experience is imperative. Hence we have the report of the Assheton Committee, in May, 1944, with numerous recommendations for a scheme of training for every department and every category of the service under the general direction of the Treasury. Incidentally the Committee rejected the proposal of a staff college for the whole service on the ground that each department ought to be its own college, with a director of studies in each. Training was to be a regular part of the work of departments, with due allowance

[2]C. K. Munro, *The Fountains in Trafalgar Square* (London, 1952), 194–5. Out of his own experience Sir Alexander Gray remarked that for most civil servants the first year was a depressing experience. "I believe that in most cases the coming of interest could be stimulated and expedited by some system of education which would reveal the work of the office in an attractive and seductive light." *Public Administration*, VII, 1929, 239.

for it in staffing budgets. Only by emphasizing departmental responsibility could the best results be obtained. The zeal of the Assheton Committee has been broadly translated into the practices of the contemporary service.

The character of modern civilization has made this development imperative, and explains why the casual Englishman, long sceptical of anything that might smack of regimented methods, has fully surrendered to the idea of more planned learning within the public service. The impact of the war was specially significant in speeding the development. The war represented in concentrated form those drastic strains created by the crises of our civilization, crises which throw up new and perennial problems for public administrators to solve. The service came under an avalanche of criticism for its apparent tardy adjustment to the grim necessities of war. It became the fashion to burlesque its methods and ridicule its inhibitions, as J. P. Mallalieu cleverly did in his caustic book, *Passed to You, Please*. Editors of newspapers, with appropriate acidity, sought to demonstrate its lack of courage and lack of vision. But however extravagant and unjustified much of the criticism might be, it was significant in compelling the adoption of new attitudes towards training.

The major point is that the principal civil servants must be organized to think ceaselessly upon the issues of administration, upon the effect of new situations on present methods, upon the obsolescence of an organization that five years ago may have been suitable enough but is now outmoded. In the contemporary state every public service, whatever the unit of government, is confronted with this necessity for perennial thought. There is no permanency, and can be no permanency, about how to do things under modern government. Fayol or other theorists may have formulated the basic principles of administration, but what is urgent in the sphere of practice is the application of principles under the varying and changing conditions of the state, and this will always require a new and rigorous analysis; it will always necessitate a readiness to explore and accept fresh ideas. A responsibility rests upon the seniors in a department to foster this view among their junior colleagues.

Closely related to the organized training which every recruit to the higher branches of the service should undergo is the necessity for a systematic transfer of younger administrative officials from division to division and from department to department. The public service is a whole and should be conceived by the administrator in terms of the whole. Nothing is likely to damage more the smooth operation of the whole than to regard departments as minor sovereignties wherein

officials spend their lives from the day of recruitment to the day of superannuation. Movement between them is in itself educational. It can be a significant mode of training younger personnel to grasp the fact that government as a whole depends upon the co-ordination of many agencies and the meeting of many minds. It can give them an understanding of the interrelations between different functions in government. Moreover the ready feasibility of transfers at a higher stage may in the administrative hierarchy be a means of introducing freshness into the work of senior officials and thus helping to nourish their morale. On occasion also a transfer may ensure that merit is brought to the position where it receives its due reward. A frequent and awkward situation in public service is the presence of misfits. Transfers cannot prevent this situation, but often may mitigate it.

In the British service, especially from the early twenties, transfers came to be recognized as a vital need, and win today the approval of all who assess their influences. Sir Edward Bridges, viewing the matter from the summit of his own career as chief official in the Treasury, was convinced that transfers between departments constituted within the service a unifying element of great importance and in the public interest. But for the individual administrator they had a further value.

> The first time a man is told to change from work which he has mastered to a new job, he may feel that the special knowledge he has acquired is being wasted. He may grudge the labour of mastering a new subject and may even wonder whether he will be equally successful at it. But when a man has done five jobs in fifteen years and has done them all with a measure of success, he is afraid of nothing and welcomes change. He has learned the art of spotting what points are crucial for forming a judgment on a disputed question even when he has the most cursory knowledge of the subject as a whole.[3]

This, incidentally, is the supreme art of a great administrator; he exhibits aptitude in the way he deals with fresh situations.

More debatable and less certain as a mode of bringing into departments fresh thought is the occasional recruitment from outside of men who have gleaned experience in making decisions and framing policy in fields other than public service. Sometimes this type of recruit, even if only a temporary official, has been invaluable; and sometimes, disappointing. We may assume that the personalities involved explain much of the difference in results. The most striking and most successful cases of such recruitment occurred during the war administrations, when bold innovation in administrative practice and public policy was imperative.

It has been said of Maynard Keynes as a public servant in the

[3]Sir Edward Bridges, *Portrait of a Profession* (Cambridge, 1950), 22–3.

Treasury (1940-6) that "his instinctive attitude towards any new problem was, first, to assume that nobody was doing anything about it and, secondly, that, if they were, they were doing the wrong thing."[4] His ruthless gadfly qualities could not have made him a comfortable colleague, and in less abnormal times he might have been an impossible colleague. An associate who observed his work in the Treasury in these years remarked: "He would let fly a minute which would turn up in somebody's in-tray the next morning—or probably in several people's in-trays, since he liked to loose these missiles in a spray of carbon copies directed at several targets at once. One recognized the familiar typescript at a glance and felt a tightening of the chest—a mixture of slight terror, some delight and immediate hostility."[5] The typescript was certain to be challenging. It might be wrong, and its errors might in due course, after a gruelling argument, be accepted by Keynes, but at any rate it had served a purpose. It awakened thought.

A brilliant rebel of this type may often be peerless in challenging conventional and out-moded procedures, but he is not likely to be bred in a public service. He has usually to be imported from outside, and such imports involve risks. But less spectacular people than Keynes can often for intervals be recruited to the service from beyond, and in their fresh outlook contribute much to the thinking process. No service should shut its doors to some recruitment of this type, although for obvious reasons such recruits can never be numerous.

How far are the above propositions on inservice procedure respected in Canadian practice? To that question I cannot pretend here to give an adequate answer, but must be content with general comments.

In Ottawa since the war there are many fresh developments designed to promote greater vitality in government offices. The war itself had a subtle and wholesome effect upon the attitudes towards public service. In stimulating the sense of Canadian nationality, it quickened the pride in national employment, made the populace more aware of the significance of the state, especially in fostering social welfare, introduced to Ottawa a new corps of talented administrators drawn from business and the universities, and threw into fresh relief those special conditions intended to make a career in the public service not merely possible but attractive. In this genial environment, more favourable to progress, the Civil Service Commission and the leading departments embarked upon new ventures in inservice training and in the procedures for promotion, emphasizing especially the role of rating boards in promotional competitions. The Civil Service Commission also placed on a more formal basis a consultative and advisory service in organization and methods, and awakened within certain departments

[4] *John Maynard Keynes, 1883-1946* (Cambridge, 1949), 26. [5] *Ibid.*, 26.

a new interest in this work. Rotations within and transfers between departments are now more common, although transfers have hardly become as in the British service a cardinal principle. This latter fact results in part from a tradition in Canada of emphasizing less the general training for an administrator than the specialized training for a technician. As noted earlier, before the creation of the Fourth Grade Clerkship, university graduates recruited to the service were usually individuals with a technical knowledge deemed useful to the government, whether it was of agriculture, law, accountancy, statistics, or meteorology. These individuals might duly become administrators, and even heads of departments. There is little doubt that a specialist may also make a skilful manager, for besides technical learning he may possess an administrative aptitude of a superior order. But with this admission, the Canadian practice prevalent in the past was hardly best designed to develop a class of administrators, since it minimized the significance of management and the difficulties of mastering it. It would seem more effective to choose young men with the aim from the outset of training them in the subtleties of administration and enabling them to assume responsible positions before their best powers have waned. One mode of testing their talent, and giving them an incentive to demonstrate it, is to move them from one responsible post to another, whether in different divisions or different departments. Along with the other valuable developments in Ottawa, one may hope that this practice will become more firmly established.

It would be singular indeed, in commenting on Canadian public administration, to be silent concerning the provinces and municipalities. Yet, if within the scanty time available it is difficult to generalize about the federal government, it is even more difficult to assess in a few sentences the existing character, deficiencies, and virtues of service training in ten provincial administrations. Not merely is there diversity of practice between the provinces, but often marked diversity of practice between different departments in the one province. Departmental traditions, usually shaped by personalities political or administrative, are often distinct and difficult to change. I shall venture, however, upon one broad and perhaps provocative comment closely related to the preceding remarks on education and training. The provinces in their varied services have come to utilize many special skills, and with impressive results they have employed able technicians in the development of mines, lands, forests, and water power. But they have not put on a secure basis the career of an administrator. They have usually been diligent in formulating personnel policies for clerks and secretaries, but have been tardy to recognize that a young and suitable man with a higher education might seek to pursue an ad-

ministrative career, learning the meaning of administration in the lower rungs of the ladder and encouraged to climb to the upper. In this matter civil service commissions in the provinces often have noble intentions, but usually lack the authority to act upon them. The most urgent need now is that more provincial politicians acquire noble intentions. Specialists who graduate from universities may find satisfactory employment in provincial service as lawyers, doctors, engineers, and accountants, but, outside educational institutions, relatively few graduates in the liberal arts can find their life work in administration; few are encouraged to do so.

Is this as it should be? For reasons earlier stated the answer is no. But one must admit an obvious enough fact. In the small offices of a provincial government it may often be difficult to distinguish betwen the functions of a specialist and an administrator, or provide for both in the one department. The specialist is invaluable to the political chief, or at least appears to be, and hence with him administrative authority is likely to rest. Yet the distinct functions of an administrator require to be recognized; his special skills need to be fostered; the basis of an appropriate education must be ensured; and provisions necessary for the development of appropriate personnel should be adopted. The junior administrator in particular must be made to feel that his work is significant, that he is furthering an important purpose, and that administration is not merely the filling of files that may never be read.

We cannot feel complacent in Canada about the position of administrators until there is in the public services at the three levels of government some free movement within, and even between, the three on the basis of merit, and I do not mean a movement of all the meritorious from the provinces to Ottawa, for that in the long run would be fatal to the strength of Canadian democracy. Yet unfortunately in the past most movement has been to the national capital. Under more ideal conditions capable young men might more frequently go from Ottawa to the provinces. At present we are remote from that condition, as we are also remote from common standards in recruitment to the services of provinces and nation. One may hope that this goal will not be neglected by the Institute of Public Administration of Canada, to which in conclusion I would pay tribute as a body that in time can enrich the community of ideas and standards on public management throughout the nation and further the better development of personnel. Significantly it represents administrators at all three levels of government, brings them together, encourages them to pool their ideas, and thus enables them to initiate and sponsor comparative studies in administrative technique and practice. In this fact lies its promise.

THE PATTERN OF INNOCENCE THROUGH EXPERIENCE IN THE CHARACTERS OF HENRY JAMES

LOTUS SNOW

IN the early pages of his first full-length novel, *Roderick Hudson*, Henry James gives the allegory which the succeeding pages represent. "Tell me this," Rowland Mallet asks the young sculptor about his statuette of a naked youth drinking from a gourd. "Did you mean anything by your young Water-drinker? Does he represent an idea? Is he a symbol?" "Why, he's youth, you know," Roderick responds; "he's innocence; he's health; he's curiosity." "And is the cup also a symbol?" "The cup is knowledge, pleasure, experience." Roderick himself, his artistry unrecognized in Northampton, Mass., is transported to Rome by the wealthy and philanthropic Rowland. There, with the treasures of the Capitol and the Vatican as models, he fulfils his genius until the advent of Christina Light. With this living model Roderick falls in love, and, when she makes a mercenary marriage, he is powerless. Youth, health, curiosity are gone. His death is but a symbol of the cup of experience drained.

In the passage of characters from innocence to experience James displayed a consistent interest throughout his remarkably long career of novel-writing. Not only those novels whose milieu is international but also those whose locale is entirely American or European reveal his treatment of this progress. His American girls abroad—Euphemia Cleve, Isabel Archer, Milly Theale, Maggie Verver—first meet evil in the role of the European adventurer. Similarly, his American men abroad—Roderick Hudson, Christopher Newman, Lambert Strether—fall victim to the duplicity of European women. But the journey from innocence to experience does not always parallel that from America to Europe. Catherine Sloper and the two young women of *The Bostonians* remain in Washington Square and Boston respectively and yet travel the same route as Isabel and Milly. Nanda Brookenham and Maisie Farange never stir from London (until Maisie's epical voyage to Folkestone), but each learns the evil of her adult world. Likewise Hyacinth Robinson and Miriam Rooth learn—he an urchin of the London streets and she a vagabond from the Continent.

An equal case for James's fascination with the theme of innocence to experience might be made of his supporting characters, those whose role is to follow, with trepidation and devotion, the Isabels and the Strethers. Surely Ralph Touchett and Maria Gostrey suffer for themselves as for Isabel and Strether. Again, Ralph's earlier and later counterparts, the young American Longmore of *Madame de Mauves*

and the English journalist Densher of *The Wings of the Dove*, aspire, suffer, and renounce even as Euphemia de Mauves and Milly the Dove. Maria Gostrey's blood sisters, Mrs. Tristram of *The American* and Mrs. Assingham of *The Golden Bowl*, prompt, support, and retire to the wings with Newman and Maggie. Even the rescuers, Mrs. Wix of *What Maisie Knew* and Mr. Longdon of *The Awkward Age*, share the innocence and the disillusionment of Maisie and Nanda.

At once extensive and intensive, James's preoccupation with the passage of his characters from innocence to experience prompts the reader to ask: (1) What is the nature of the innocence of his characters? What is the education that attracts disaster? (2) What is the nature of their experience? What constitutes the evil they meet? and (3) What do they make of experience? What is their re-education after disaster?

I

With formal education, the education of high schools and academies, colleges and universities, James's characters have little concern. Although Roderick Hudson was graduated from a small college near Northampton, he had spent his time there with novels and billiards rather than mathematics and Greek. Presumably Strether, editor of the literary review in Woollett, Mass., had attended an eastern university, but his education, he cries out to Little Bilham in the key passage of *The Ambassadors*, has not enabled him to "live." Self-made, Christopher Newman bluntly remarks that his schooling stopped short on his tenth birthday. Nor does Hyacinth Robinson's education, always desultory and precarious, have a much longer duration; he is apprenticed to a bookbinder at fifteen.

As for James's women, if their formal schooling is not as irregular and fragmentary as Hyacinth's, it provides at best the mastery of the elegant accomplishments of the finishing school. Of such do Euphemia Cleve's abilities consist, "the art of wearing a train, of composing a bouquet, of presenting a cup of tea." Nursemaids and governesses are the instructors of Isabel Archer and Nanda Brookenham, none, perhaps, quite so ignorant, ill-paid, and magnificent as young Maisie's Mrs. Wix. Miriam Rooth's only education is linguistic: without understanding the lines she can declaim in French, English, German, and Italian. Verena Tarrant of *The Bostonians* has fared worst of all; passed from hand to hand during her infancy in mid-nineteenth century New England by trance-speakers, somnambulists, mesmerists, faith-healers, transcendentalists, and abolitionists, she has learned the art of elocution!

No, the formal schooling of his characters is not an element in James's compound of innocence. Rather, their informal education, their exposure to social and artistic relations, accounts in larger measure for their peculiar vulnerability to disaster. With their sensuous education, to borrow a phrase from Henry James, Sr., their author takes infinite pains. If they are endowed with money, as they almost always are, they travel; they visit, with an intense appreciativeness, the cities of the Old World, Rome, Venice, Florence, Paris. If they are not endowed with money, like Hyacinth, Nanda, and Maisie, they none the less meet at home richnesses of sophistication comparable in educative intensity to the Palace of the Doges or the Uffizi Gallery. Writing to Ralph Waldo Emerson before the first of the trips to Europe on which he took his young family, Henry James, Sr., remarked that he wished to give the children "a better sensuous education than they were likely to get here. . . ." In later years the older brother William and the sister Alice deplored this education which so little fitted the recipient for the life of moral action. How tremendously Henry cast his vote for the sensuous education is evidenced in the detail with which he evokes it for his characters.

The sensuous education, however, presupposes a condition far more important than itself for the unique innocence of James's characters. That condition is their capacity for receiving a sensuous education, the endowment with which they are equipped by nature. Without exception every one of James's heroes and heroines is possessed of a splendid receptivity. Like Isabel Archer, they have finer minds than those of the people among whom their lot is cast. Their sensitivity is so finely attuned that, like Nanda Brookenham, they "take things in at their pores." Exquisitely perceptive, they keep their own counsel, as Milly Theale does, seldom vouchsafing the discoveries they make to the confidantes with whom they are beset. So feverish is their sense of justice that, like Maggie Verver, they "tremble for their lives in the fear that they may take liberties." Like Hyacinth Robinson, they are, all, "intense perceivers."

So James created them to be and defended them for being, as he contends in the Prefaces, because he wished them to serve as mirrors of his subjects. Such mirrors enabled him not only to dispense with omniscient comment, a practice he abominated, but also to place the reader in the most interesting of relations to the story, that of seeing it through "a consciousness subject to fine intensification and wide enlargement." Of the danger of making such characters "too interpretative of the muddle of fate, or in other words too divinely, too priggishly clever," James was well aware. The answer lay, he felt, in the

proper mixture of intelligence and bewilderment in the character at once experiencing and recording, the dramatized consciousness. In turn, the proper mixture depends upon the quality of the bewilderment.

What, then, causes the bewilderment of an intelligence capable of acute subtlety? Imagination, it would appear. Self-consciously aware of their own high capacity for living, James's people have a nobleness of imagination about other people. They believe that other people are like themselves. Spiritual democrats, they expect others to possess their qualities, beauty and bravery and magnanimity. Like Isabel Archer, they have "a fixed determination to regard the world as a place of brightness; of free expansion; of irresistible action. . . ." They are enamoured of the world and its kingdoms. Extravagantly they desire the sense of having lived, of having known as many of the finer vibrations as possible. With passionate faith they waylay life, conceiving it to be high adventure. The innocence of James's characters is compounded of fine intelligence and moral imagination. Ignorant of the world they are not; the majority of them seasoned travellers, some of them financial magnets with half a lifetime of hard effort behind them. Unaware of evil they are not; most of them ardent readers, all of them unusually imaginative. Their innocence is a sacred trust in their own destiny, born of their moral imagination of themselves.

II

So educated for disaster, the characters of Henry James make the highest bids within their power for the prizes of the world, only to discover them of the flesh or the devil. Convent-bred Euphemia Cleve marries the well-born and impoverished Baron de Mauves. A bauble she finds in his pocket forces upon her the painful recognition she has refused during the first years of her marriage, that he is "overlaid with more corruption than a summer day's questioning of his conscience would have released him from." Rowland Mallet finds Roderick Hudson a gifted weakling, a "Ulysses who refuses to be tied to the mast when the Sirens sing." Both Christopher Newman and Lambert Strether stake their happiness upon the good faith of the couples with whom, respectively, they are involved, suddenly to find that they have been cruelly manipulated and deceived. Verena Tarrant promises Olive Chancellor to cultivate men solely to familiarize herself with the arguments against women's suffrage; the one among them most opposed to the female vote shows her Olive's ruthless egoism. Neither of the men the talented Miriam Rooth admires is willing to share her histrionic career, one because he does not care for the career, the other because he does not care for Miriam. The four American heiresses,

Catherine Sloper, Isabel Archer, Milly Theale, and Maggie Verver, discover that the people they most trusted, in the latter three cases as lover and friend, have conspired to use them for abysmal ends.

What of the youngest ones, Hyacinth, Nanda, and Maisie? At the moment when Hyacinth, the illegitimate waif of a French mother who dies in Newgate for the murder of his titled English father, has pledged himself to an anarchist organization to commit an assassination upon the demand of the secret leadership, he first meets and falls in love with the beauty of the world. Dedicated to the rectification of human misery, Hyacinth finds himself ready to fight for the view of the world which Paris and Venice have given him: "the monuments and treasures of art, the great palaces and properties, the conquests of learning and taste. . . ." With the letter ordering the assassination in his pocket, Hyacinth looks to his elders for a resolution of his conflict, only to find that they cannot believe in his seriousness.

Nanda's is the classic English situation of the daughter too old for the schoolroom and too young for the talk downstairs. Permitted the freedom of the style downstairs, Nanda falls deeply in love with Van, the member of the charmed circle most attractive to her mother. When Van fails to suggest marriage, even after Nanda's friend Mr. Longdon has offered to *doter* her, she realizes her predicament. Her mother has deliberately acquainted her with the parasitism and philandering of the drawing-room in the knowledge that Van will not have for wife a girl so "knowing."

In the third case, Maisie, the child of divorced parents who remarry, the little girl whom the step-parents use for their affair, the small life Mrs. Wix wants to save, Maisie is confronted with the phenomenon of four parents ostensibly contesting her possession. One by one, father, mother, stepmother, and beloved stepfather, each makes Maisie the offer most conducive to his devious ends. Knowing more and more and more, Maisie judges that she must, logically, one day know most. Indeed, she considers, she is "distinctly on the road to know Everything." Everything proves to be the realization that only Mrs. Wix wants her for her own sake.

The nature of the experience of James's characters is, obviously, betrayal. Having in full measure the moral imagination, James's people, adults and children, endow with it the other people, the people in whom they place their trust. Indeed, their expectation of goodness is such that their evil-doers, Milly's and Maggie's, for example, sometimes complain of the burden of trust. Such goodness attracts disaster; such trust courts betrayal. As for the evil-doers, the betrayers, they are, without exception, selfish egoists, people who use James's elect for their

own ends. Witness their prototype, the perverted Baron de Mauves. Surely Olive Chancellor, the frustrated Bostonian, and Isabel's husband, Gilbert Osmond, the sterile dilettante, are fashioned of the same material. Even the most personable betrayers, for example, Milly's Kate Croy and Maggie's Charlotte Stant, calculate the very passion which motivates their deceptions. Ruthless egoism constitutes the evil James's characters meet; betrayal is their experience.

III

Betrayal for James's characters is, as Maggie Verver phrases it, "the horror of finding evil, seated all at its ease, where she had only dreamed of good; the horror of the thing hideously *behind*, behind so much trusted, so much pretended, nobleness, cleverness, tenderness." This "horror," in one or another guise, faces all Maggie's predecessors, from Euphemia Cleve to Milly the Dove. Each, as Maggie last does, acts upon it in accordance with the quality of her imagination.

What the child Maisie makes of "knowing," of the discovery of evil, is representative of the conduct after disaster of James's adults. Shunted every six months from one of her divorced parents to the other, Maisie realizes that she is to them "a centre of hatred, a messenger of insult." She seals her lips; she practises "the pacific art of stupidity." When each parent remarries, she sees that the struggle now will be to avoid receiving her. Her plight brings together her step-parents who fall in love with each other. This conjunction, Maisie finds, provides her parents, each already fitted out with a new lover, with the means of getting rid of her. They can give her up to the step-parents. When her florid father, Beale, implores her to come to America with him and his latest mistress, Maisie "understood as well as if he had spoken it that what he wanted was that she should let him off with all the honours—with all the appearance of virtue and sacrifice on his side." When her mother, the glittering Ida, explains that it is but her goodness which commits her to giving up to the child's stepfather the little girl she has so cherished, Maisie agrees that Ida is "so good." With her step-parents, however, the exquisite renunciation she has practised with Beale and Ida goes rather harder for Maisie. They have been kind to her; they have cared about her for herself. Indeed, she and Mrs. Wix have confessed, in the privacy of the schoolroom, that they are "far gone" about Sir Claude. How, then, not accede to his proposal that Maisie live with him and his mistress, Mrs. Beale? How, on the other hand, live with them since Mrs. Wix has furbished her moral sense? Maisie knows. She will produce in Sir Claude

the sense of himself highly choosing. If he will give up Mrs. Beale for her, she will give up Mrs. Wix for him.

James's adults match Maisie's generosity in their treatment of their betrayers. For example, Nanda Brookenham, who lives through a pattern of events most nearly identical to Maisie's, does not permit so much as a scratch to the *amour-propre* of her adults. Indeed, she rationalizes for them the miserable treatment she has received. Strether remarks to Maria Gostrey that his "only logic is not, out of the whole affair, to have got anything for himself." Milly bequeaths to her betrayers the money for their marriage; Newman burns the slip of paper which would have exposed the perfidy of his. Maggie salvages the Prince for herself and Charlotte for her father by the most painstaking of demonstrations to them of their value to her and her father. Hyacinth serves the death warrant on himself.

One and all, James's characters "turn morally a high somersault." They do not simply abstain from revenge; they do not simply let the evil-doers off easily. They take of the evil-doers the exquisite care due themselves; they let them off without impairment to their self-respect. They cushion the way of the transgressors. They are, in short, "of a magnificence."

Such a re-education after disaster has a simple explanation, one which Nanda Brookenham gives in a conversation with Van. "I shall never change—I shall be always just the same," she tells him. "What I am I must remain. I haven't what's called a principle of growth." And she does not change. The "tragic candour" which Mr. Longdon remarks when he first meets her is still hers when he takes her away forever. The innocence which is the finely moral imagination of self does not change. What James's characters are inherently at the beginning of a novel, they are at the end. They lack the principle of growth, the ability to deviate from the law of their being. The journey they take is not from innocence to experience but of innocence through experience.

THE SPANISH PUZZLE

DIEGO MARIN

THE fears expressed by Cardinal Segura of Spain about the dangers of Protestant infiltration under the cover of American aid have puzzled many a well-meaning friend of that country. As the *Indiana Catholic and Record* said with concern, the Cardinal's remarks "are sure to strain the charitable efforts of Americans—Catholic as well as Protestant—to understand the Spanish mentality. . . ." More recently, the Cardinal has voiced the only public criticism made in Spain against Franco's policy of *rapprochement* toward the Arab countries, a policy which he considers a dangerous compromise with infidel nations and a betrayal of Spain's traditional role as defender of the Catholic faith.

Faced with these pronouncements, the most benevolent observer may be completely bewildered, since the Catholic Church in Spain under the protection of the present régime enjoys greater privileges today than it has for over a century. It not only monopolizes religion—all other faiths being merely tolerated in private—but it controls education, morals, and the censorship. For the first time since "the ominous decade" of Ferdinand VII[1] in the early nineteenth century, it is a criminal offence in Spain to be a freemason—as serious an offence as to be a communist.[2] It should be added, however, that the Church has not used its absolute moral authority to eradicate bullfighting, for instance, an entertainment which has reached a peak of splendour as the national *fiesta* with full official backing. Freedom of thought is, apparently, more reprehensible than cruelty to animals.

How can this peculiar behaviour of the Spanish Church be explained? Or at least how can the attitude of the most influential body of opinion within it be explained?—since there are signs of dissent and of a desire for tolerance on the part of the more enlightened clergy. The fact that most non-Spanish Catholics reject this intolerant position of their Spanish brethren (even the Vatican is alleged to frown upon it) should give us a clue to the answer: Spanish Catholics are like that not so much because they are Catholics as because they are

[1]His motto aptly summed up the spirit of the period: "Let us get rid of the damned mania of thinking."

[2]In the official bulletin of his diocese of Seville (September, 1952), Cardinal Segura has openly denounced freedom of thought, of religion, and of education, as "libertades de perdición," responsible for the evils of our times. His words are almost literally those heard in Spain 130 years ago when the Church was struggling to set up a theocratic monarchy under the Carlist banner and against the parliamentary type of monarchy advocated by the Liberals.

Spanish. There is something in their very character which impels Spaniards, if they are Catholics, to be "more papist than the Pope," just as it turns them into anarchists if they choose individual freedom as their ideal. It is a trait that is apparent in the two greatest characters of Spanish literature, Don Quixote and Don Juan: a burning desire to reach a goal in life beyond the bounds of reason and of organized society. Indeed, the lack of a proper Spanish word for "compromise" indicates this blind spot in the mental make-up of the people.

There are also in the Spanish character the contradictions and paradoxes which have surprised so many foreigners: kindness to children and hospitality to strangers alongside cruelty to animals and indifference to human suffering; deep religious feelings combined with blasphemous habits of speech and irreligious behaviour; love of individual freedom yet at the same time subservience to dictators. It may be worth while, therefore, if we want to understand this mentality, to try to discover the roots from which so many puzzling and oftentimes contradictory symptoms grow.

The history of the Spanish people strikes us immediately with similar contradictions and conflicts: heroic struggles for national independence and personal freedom, followed by submission to despotism; outbursts of creative energy and after them periods of sterile apathy; or a division of the nation at one period into two irreconcilable factions which keep the country in a state of open or latent civil war. The present political problem of Spain—that of finding a form of government under which all Spaniards can live together—is not new. It is the consequence of causes which have operated throughout Spanish history, preventing a real integration of the nation under a truly national, representative government. It is the problem of reconciling the Spanish passions for liberty and for authority.

The fact that a word such as *guerrilla* and the common political usage of *liberal* come from Spain should indicate that the Spaniard loves his political freedom and his national independence. His love of freedom was shown in the Middle Ages, for instance, by the self-governing municipalities, which were the first in Europe to send delegates to a national parliament, and in modern times by the liberal revolts against dictatorial rule which succeeded in establishing short-lived parliamentary forms of government. The spirit of independence of the people is better known to the rest of the world in such instances as the long, heroic resistance against the Romans, the Arabs, and Napoleon, always by means of the same unorganized, localized, and sporadic tactics known as guerilla warfare.

But together with this ideal of liberty we find an equally strong ideal

of authority, which accounts for the long periods of autocratic rule willingly accepted and at times enthusiastically supported by the people. Thus, Spaniards were expressing a spontaneous, heartfelt admiration for the principle of authority in its most uncompromising form when they shouted "Long live the chains!" in honour of the despicable Ferdinand VII, or when the crowds enjoyed the impressive *autos-da-fé* staged by the Inquisition in the public squares. Because authority must be complete and thorough in order to be worthy of its name and therefore of respect, Spaniards have never felt more proud of themselves as a nation than when they were ruled by absolutist kings who, after enforcing unity and order in the country, ruled with an iron hand over the largest empire on earth. The best-remembered rulers of Spain are the most autocratic ones: Ferdinand and Isabella, Philip II, Ferdinand VII (nicknamed "the Desired").

How are we to explain, then, this glaring contradiction between an ideal of freedom which goes against the authority of the state and an ideal of autocracy which destroys individual freedom? The explanation lies in another characteristic of the Spanish people, clearly revealed by its history—idealism.

Repeatedly in history the Spanish people appear to be acting on the impulse of an ideal, perhaps with more frequency and intensity than any other Western people. Inspired by a collective ideal, the Spaniards will take their role as a chosen people in dead earnest, and will sacrifice, more readily than others, their national or political interests in the fulfilment of their mission. Don Quixote is the perfect symbol of a people who, moved by a noble ideal, will set forth to impose it on the world, without reckoning with either meagre strength or the possible consequences of failure. It was in that spirit that Spain once tried to dominate the world in a crusade for religion and empire, and met her doom. Of course there were other more sordid motives involved, such as greed for power and gold, but these were only private motives in the conduct of individuals and not the inspiring force behind the national enterprise. It is in this sense that we talk of Spanish idealism, not as a moral virtue but as a source of action: the capacity of the Spaniard to become more enthused than others for an ideal, to mobilize all his energies and to sacrifice all his practical interests for the sake of that ideal.

Why is this so? The explanation is bound to be tentative, since it takes us into the dangerous ground of collective psychology. But we may explore here two typical traits of the Spanish temperament, passion and pride, in search of some light on the problem.

As everyone knows, the Spaniard is a passionate rather than a rea-

soning type. Human emotion appeals to him most of all, while abstraction and logic leave him cold. In religion, it is the blood-stained image of Christ, or the weeping image of *Mater Dolorosa*, or the tender Child Jesus that draw prayers from him, rather than the impersonal idea of God. In art and literature, he is at his best in the realistic portrayal of life and customs. In music, he is influenced by folklore, full of warm popular feelings, not by the abstract speculation of musical composition.[3] In philosophy, the Spaniard has not produced any closed metaphysical system or school of thought; rather, he would formulate a "vital" philosophy, with man and human conduct as its theme—all-round man of flesh and blood, with all his feelings and passions as well as thoughts, who finds ultimate expression in the mystics' vision of man alone with God.

This passionate Spanish nature abhors half-measures and middle-of-the-road solutions. It must be engaged to the hilt or else remain quite aloof. A friend must be an intimate friend or else an indifferent acquaintance. A religion is an infallible dogma for the believer and a worthless superstition for the unbeliever. A political ideology is a means of saving the country by destroying all opponents, since "he who is not with me is against me."[4]

Next in importance to a Spaniard's passion is his pride, so clearly manifested in the idea of *honor*, around which revolves practically the whole of Spanish classical drama. It is a striking combination of chivalrous dignity and excessive egotism which places the ego above almost everything and everybody. Hence that peculiarly democratic spirit which pervades Spanish society and enables the beggar to feel as important a human being as the king, or brings together masters and servants in a spree of wine, dance, and song at a country *fiesta*.[5]

It is natural that this passion and this pride combined should make a passionate idealist of the Spaniard. His pride urges him to demand always the best, to aim at absolute perfection and to despise the limited and imperfect. In politics he becomes, if he is interested at all, an intolerant idealist for whom the cause is a personal question the failure of which will hurt the sensitive chord of his pride, and whose passion, on the other hand, will awake in him a full measure of vitality and enthusiasm for his ideal. This ideal is more than an ideological concept; it is a part of himself.

[3]It is well known that the most outstanding modern composers, such as Falla, Granados, Albéniz, draw their themes and inspiration from Spanish folklore.

[4]As one of Franco's generals put it at the outbreak of the Civil War, "all the country needs is the liquidation of a few thousand bad Spaniards in order to have peace." This figure was, alas, tragically raised to over a million.

[5]This spirit was well exemplified in the formula used by the old *Cortes* (Parliament) of Aragon, when taking the Coronation oath from every new king: "We, who are singly as worthy as you are, and all together, worthier than you are. . . ."

One can understand, then, that political conflicts in Spain are matters of personal pride and that verbal strife may easily degenerate into civil war, when guns are the only arguments left for persuading one's opponents. Ideas interest the Spaniard mainly as polemical weapons with which to assert his own personality.[6] For him, the object of any discussion is less to convince than to defeat his adversary.

It should now be easier to understand the nature of that permanent conflict in Spanish history between liberty and authority. Both ideals co-exist and are felt with such an urge for perfection as to be rendered mutually exclusive, so that the existence of one is always at the expense of the other. Inspired by the libertarian ideal, Spaniards tend to place individual freedom above everything and will prefer social disintegration to any partial curbing of their freedom. Because freedom, if it exists, must be as complete as possible, it is not long before anarchy begins to threaten the foundations of communal life and a dictator steps in to restore order. A healthy instinct for social preservation automatically corrects the abuses of personal freedom for the sake of peace and stability. The strong man will now have the necessary moral support to guarantee social security even at the cost of personal liberty. But the Spaniard is still an idealist and if he has to have authority he wants it to be as complete and effective as possible. This process of authoritarian consolidation goes on until gradually the ruler tends to loosen his grip and to be weakened by corruption. The tarnishing of the ideal of authority brings with it loss of prestige in the eyes of the people, who will in disgust cast away that ideal and replace it with that other one, always latent—liberty—as a protest. The question is then simplified thus: if autocracy cannot give us a satisfactory form of government, let us have freedom. But the protest against authority, it will be observed, is not for its use of excessive power, but rather for being less perfectly authoritarian than it should be. Thus the cycle begins anew, with a liberal régime weakening central authority to the point of danger and another dictator emerging to the rescue.

In a way it might seem that there is no solution for the political problem of Spain, owing to the peculiar psychological background of her people. In fact the problem can be solved only when a formula is found which will satisfy both ideals, of freedom and of authority. In the past, that formula was found, and it gave Spain three centuries of domestic peace and unity. It was the rule of the absolutist monarchy, first under the Habsburgs and later under the Bourbons, with a combination of the theoretically perfect power of the Crown, and, in practice, a wide margin of personal freedom—often illegal freedom—so

[6]This is an attitude illustrated by the story of the school-teacher who used to begin his explanation of the theorem of Pythagoras with the words: "I say. . . ."

that while the principle of authority was respected and admired, its application left sufficient loopholes for evasions. This attitude became even officially countenanced in the ritual form of acknowledging an order of the Crown by the Spanish *conquistadors*, whenever they deemed it impracticable. The officer would place the royal writ over his head and solemnly declare, "Obeyed, but not applied," thereby safeguarding himself against the charge of treason, not only by the government but by his own conscience.

Here we can see in a flash a reason for the long period of political stability and contentment which prevailed in Spain and her colonies until the nineteenth century.[7] The ruler was an absolute one in principle, and therefore satisfactory; but the subject had also freedom to evade the law in his own particular case—which pleased his pride. Smuggling was the accepted form of carrying out international trade in the Spanish colonies, just as the *estraperlo* (black market) is the normal and most remunerative channel for internal trade in Spain today. The same formula is applied on the level of the private individual, as illustrated by the old proverb: "Bajo mi manto, al rey mato" (Under my cloak I kill the king); that is, the sacred authority of the crown finds a limit within the equally sacred precinct of the individual conscience, or, as the essayist Ganivet put it, "Every Spaniard carries a constitution in his pocket which contains one single article: 'This citizen is entitled to do exactly as he pleases.' "

It will be readily seen, then, that the solution to the political problem of Spain cannot be an easy one. Nothing less than a change of mentality would be required for successful application of the political recipes which have succeeded elsewhere. And even that change of mentality has been tried before, officially by the enlightened despotism of the eighteenth century and privately by the Institucion Libre de Enseñanza in the nineteenth.

But although education is undoubtedly the right approach, it is a long-term policy which needs several generations of peace and prosperity before it can affect a substantial majority of people. The fact is that education in Spain has had neither the opportunity nor the time in which to spread the spirit of tolerance and self-control, simply because the periods of political tolerance have not lasted long enough. Hence the vicious circle: educational reform is impossible without

[7]It is now generally recognized that loyalty, not military power, kept the colonies under Spanish rule when Spain had become too weak to safeguard her overseas possessions from foreign rivals. As soon as that loyalty of her colonial subjects was withdrawn, Spain lost her colonies. Thus, for instance, when the British attacked Buenos Aires twice, in 1806 and 1807, the Argentinians sided whole-heartedly with the Spanish garrison and expelled the attackers.

political and religious tolerance, and a basic political reform is unlikely without prior change of the mental outlook of the people. Of course, it would be naïve to expect any educational programme to be a panacea for all public ills. That was the mistake of the eighteenth-century aristocratic reformers and of their nineteenth-century heirs, the Liberals.

Perhaps, then, it would be more realistic to accept the Spanish mentality as it is, with its fervent idealism and perfectionism—even though it may be torn between the dual allegiance to freedom and authority—and to hope that, in spite of the many failures and backward steps, the Spanish people may find the way of harmonizing those two ideals when an atmosphere of peace and relative well-being permits. There were actually symptoms of progress in this direction during the Restoration period of 1874-1923, when Socialists and Monarchists worked together in parliament, when a Catholic scholar like Menéndez y Pelayo wrote sympathetically about Spanish Protestant writers, and when the Institucion Libre de Enseñanza was able to train a generation of free-thinking, liberal-minded people.

Nor should we forget that Spanish idealism, however harmful at times, has given the world valuable contributions which may be repeated in the future under favourable conditions. And even the mere existence of a people capable of sacrificing so much for an altruistic ideal is to be appreciated in our times.

BOSWELL'S LETTERS AT NEWHAILES

ANDREW HOOVER

TEN new letters from James Boswell to his life-long friend and counsellor, Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, and one from Lord Hailes to Boswell, were found in the summer of 1937 during my search for Walpole letters in the library of Sir Mark Dalrymple, Bart., at Newhailes near Edinburgh. Recently the full collection of manuscripts and letters at Newhailes has been catalogued, and microfilm copies for the use of scholars have been deposited at the National Library of Scotland. Thus the Boswell letters may now, through the generosity of their owner, be published for the first time. Scholars are especially grateful to Professor David Yalden-Thomson of the Department of Philosophy in the University of Virginia for the assistance he has given Sir Mark Dalrymple in making the Newhailes papers available.

The letters as I first encountered them were enclosed in a paper folder bearing notice that they had been removed "for Rev. Mr. Napier, editor of new edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson," and were now replaced as of 28 December 1876. But there is no reference to the letters in Napier's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. More curious still, there is no reference to them in Mrs. Robina Napier's *Johnsoniana* (a supplementary volume to her husband's edition of the *Life* and published with it in two editions in 1884), which contained in its second edition seven previously unpublished letters from Boswell to Lord Hailes.* Although the Napiers were generally careful scholars, they seem to have forgotten, or somehow overlooked, these additional letters between the time of returning them to their owner, according to the notice on the folder, and the publication of *Johnsoniana* eight years later. The history of the letters is not known prior to the Napiers' interest in them,† nor subsequently, until my re-discovery of them.

Boswell's letters at Newhailes are but a fraction of his complete correspondence with Lord Hailes. Even so, they are largely representative of the quality of friendship that existed between the correspondents and of the kind of subjects they wrote about over a span of many years.

As the first two letters of the present group show, Boswell in his troubled youth, especially in dealings with his father, relied heavily upon the sympathy and affection which Lord Hailes unfailingly

*The MSS of which I did not find at Newhailes.

†The existence of Boswell letters at Newhailes is mentioned in a report of the Historical MSS Commission for 1874, but they are not specifically described.

offered him. The intimate, confiding tone of the correspondence during these years inevitably changed with the passage of time and Boswell's realization of his genius, but there was no loss of warm feeling as the letters gradually and naturally became more impersonal. Only once, as the single letter from Lord Hailes indicates, was their friendship in jeopardy, when Boswell's devotion to the cause of General Paoli led him to censure Lord Hailes's brother. The episode caused no lasting estrangement between them, however, and shortly after we find them writing again on the theme of literature common to all their letters.

Boswell appealed frequently to Lord Hailes for advice about his own varied literary projects. He returned favours by serving as a kind of research assistant for Lord Hailes's antiquarian studies. He was mindful of Lord Hailes's distance from the London scene and delighted to interpret it for him. But the role Boswell played with greatest relish and success was that described in his letter of 9 May 1774 of "a Negociator between such literary Powers as Mr. Johnson and your Lordship." It was services of this kind, combined with respect for each other's critical judgment and a steady personal affection, that gave Boswell and Lord Hailes constant motives for correspondence. The present letters confirm this pattern of their relationship often with remarkable interest and intensity.

The text of the letters has been prepared from my transcript of the originals at Newhailes, collated with microfilm copies furnished by the National Library of Scotland and kindly lent me by Mr. Charles Weis of Yale University. The spelling and capitalization throughout are Boswell's. Punctuation has been modified slightly to conform with current usage.

I

*To Lord Hailes, Tuesday 22 March 1760**

London, 22 March 1760.

My Dear Sir,

As you have often told me that you hate Ceremony, which indeed is the case with myself, I shall, without any studied complimentative preamble, only thank you for your very kind and agreable letter. The heartfelt satisfaction which it gave me, I assure you, I want words to express; And, as the favour was unexpected, the pleasure of it was greatly enhanced.

Allow me to say, My Dear Sir, if it is not assuming too much, that

*This first letter from Boswell to Lord Hailes has been published in my article on "Boswell's First London Visit" in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, Spring, 1953.

if I have a friend on Earth, I beleive you are one. The marks of a sincere regard which I have experienced at different times leave me no room to doubt of it. And I look upon your last obliging letter as one of the strongest proofs that could be given of it.

My leaving Glasgow in the abrupt manner I have done could not fail to appear extreamly unaccountable.[1] It certainly must carry the face of a very romantic and inconsiderate step. But don't blame me too much, for I can assure you that motives of the highest importance influenced my conduct; and although my elopement, as it may be justly stiled, is imagined to be the effect of a rash and hasty resolution, I give you my word that I had thought of it for a long time, and that during the last Winter it was generally the subject of consideration in my most serious hours. I would willingly lay open my mind to you, but as the Affair which brought me to London is of such a nature that the utmost secrecy is required, I am affraid to venture to put it in writing till I can be absolutely certain that it will go safely, without any danger of its being discovered, as the consequences of such an event might be very unfavourable to me.[2]

I hope to write you fully by Mr. John Dalrymple.[3] In the meantime don't be alarmed. Let not Imagination figure any *Monstrum horrendum* or *Nefas immane*[4] to be in the case. What indeed gives me the most sensible pain is the uneasiness which my worthy Father[5] must feel from it. Nobody knows of how much goodness of heart he is posest so well as I do. His strictness was nothing but what Prudence would dictate, and he has allways treated me with affection and indulgence.

If a sketch of my adventures, as I may call them, since I left Scotland can divert you, or, to speak more probably can be of the least use to you *pour passer le temps*, you may read on.

I set off on the 1st of this month early in the morning, tho' I should first have told you my situation the preceeding night, when all the House where I lodged were gone to bed, and I was walking solitary and pensive through my moon-enlightened chamber, ruminating with as Tragic a countenance as that of Mr. Digges[6] on "Tomorrow, [and]

[1]Boswell had run off from his studies at the University of Glasgow, where he matriculated 14 November 1759. The prime reason for this escapade, which he dared not put in writing, was his intention to become a Roman Catholic (*Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763*, ed. F. A. Pottle, New York, 1950, 5–6), which was fulfilled probably by the time of this letter.

[2]The serious disadvantages, political and legal, of being a Roman Catholic in England in 1760 are enumerated by Professor Pottle, in *ibid.*, 6.

[3]Lord Hailes's younger brother (d. 1779). See below, Lord Hailes to Boswell *ca.* 2 December 1771.

[4]Vergil *Aeneid* III. 658; VI. 624.

[5]Alexander Boswell (1707-82), Lord Auchinleck.

[6]West Digges (1720-86), leading man of the company at Edinburgh and a hero of Boswell's youth.

tomorrow, and tomorrow," and uttering or rather groaning forth these deep-ton'd lines in *Cato*,

> O! think what anxious moments pass between
> The birth of plots and their last fatal Periods![7]

But to proceed I went the first night to Moffat, and the second to Carlisle, with a couple of Glasgow Hacks. At Carlisle I got Post Horses and went on Monday 109 miles to Witherby. On Tuesday 131 to Bugdin,[8] and on Wednesday 61 to London, which I reached before two o'clock. I now began to be a good deal thoughtfull and to consider what I should do. Thank God I have been now of a long time happily free of low spirits, for if they had seised me at this time, I should have been the most miserable of Mortals. As I was uncertain what might be my situation in life, I thought it most adviseable to live with a good deal of frugality. I therefore took private lodgings[9] and endeavoured to accustom myself to a parsimonious course. And as I wanted to be entirely concealed for some time, (now pray don't laugh at me) I went by another name than my own. I continued for some time in this way till Lord Eglintoun[10] and Mr. Montgomerie[11] having got notice of my being in Town sent for me. I hesitated a little at first what to do, but took courage, waited upon them and, as a secret, explained my situation. They took it in good part and made me at once emerge from my obscurity. I then took handsom lodgings at a Guinea a week and became, in short, a Gentleman. My Lord is one of the best men in the World. I have been much with him and, as Mr. Montgomerie is gone for Scotland, I this night take up his room in My Lord's House upon particular invitation. *O! et praesidium et dulce decus meum.*[12] Bless me! What happiness shall I enjoy in being introduced to the finest company in England and hearing and participating of My Lord's elegant and polite conversation—*O! Noctes caenaeque Deum.*[13]

I return you a thousand thanks for giving me an opportunity of being acquainted with two such valuable men as Mr. Dodsley[14] and

[7]Act I, scene iii of Addison's drama.

[8]Buckden in Huntingdonshire (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, ed. G. Scott and F. A. Pottle, privately printed, 1928-34, IX, 11; XIII, 237).

[9]With one Egan, a wig-maker and Roman Catholic (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, XI, 235).

[10]Alexander Montgomerie (1723-69), 10th Earl of Eglinton, who introduced Boswell to gay London society and seduced him from his religious interests (*ibid.*, II, 134).

[11]Probably James Montgomerie of Lainshaw, brother of Boswell's future wife. He was a crony of Lord Eglinton's (*ibid.*, VII, 78).

[12]Horace *Carmina* I. i. 2.

[13]Horace *Sermones* II. vi. 65.

[14]James Dodsley (1724-97), younger member of the famous bookselling firm of R. & J. Dodsley. Boswell did not meet his brother Robert until 25 December 1762 (*Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763*, p. 105).

Dr. Jortin.[15] I am affraid that Mr. Walpole[16] moves in rather too high a sphere for your humble Servant, whose company would of consequence be rather burthensom to him.

I had only yesterday the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. John Hume,[17] but am to breakfast with him tomorrow, and intend to cultivate his Acquaintance. *The Siege of Aquilea*[18] I greatly admire but cannot say that its success in representation is equal to what it would seem to claim from a calm perusal in the Closet. The Audience seem to be tired with a tedious repetition of woe, tho' the principal parts are exquisitely performed by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber.[19]

To conclude this Epistle happily, I must let you know that I wrote to my Father immediately on my coming hither and have had a mild and truly tender letter from him. I remain your Obliged friend and Servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

My Address is at The Right Honble. The E. of Eglintoun's lodgings, Queen-Street, Mayfair.

II

To Lord Hailes, Saturday 9 July 1763

Address [on separate, sealed sheet]: To Sir David Dalrymple of Hales Baronet, Canongate, Edinburgh. Eglinton [frank]. *Postmark*: 9 IY. *Memorandum* [on back of address sheet]: Direct for me Inner Temple No. 10, opposite the Church to the care of me. Edwards Stationers, London.

[15]John Jortin (1698-1770), divine and historian. Boswell called on him 27 April 1760, but Dr. Jortin was out; whether he called again is not known. Dr. Jortin's account of the visit is recorded in *Boswelliana* (London, 1874), pp. 13–14.

[16]Horace Walpole (1717-97), 4th Earl of Orford. Boswell finally met him six years later in Paris (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, VII, 60–1). Walpole never thawed to Boswell's friendly gestures and considered him "that quintessence of busybodies" (*Horace Walpole's Correspondence*, ed. W. S. Lewis, New Haven, 1937—, XIV, 170–1; *Letters of Horace Walpole*, ed. Mrs. Paget Toynbee, Oxford, 1903-5, XI, 455).

[17]John Home, or Hume (1722-1808), Scottish divine and dramatist. Boswell probably met him through Lord Eglinton's connections at court. Home was secretary to Lord Bute, the Prime Minister, and enjoyed the patronage of the royal family.

[18]Home's *Siege of Aquilea* was produced 21 February 1760. Lord Hailes had been present at "a hearing of the first four acts" of the play in Edinburgh the preceding year and was interested in the London production (see Horace Walpole's reply to his inquiry about it in *Horace Walpole's Correspondence*, XV, 65 n. 5).

[19]David Garrick (1717-97), who produced as well as acted in *The Siege of Aquilea* at Drury Lane, and Susannah Maria Cibber (1714-66), who achieved greatest success through her association with Garrick after 1753.

Inner Temple, 9 July 1763.

My Dear Sir,

Your last letter did me great good. It relieved me from some gloomy ideas which I had got of the place of my destination.[1] A Gentleman newly come from studying civil law there represented it to me as the dullest, formal, dissagreable place he had ever been in;[2] that I would neither have agreable company male nor female, that I would have no manner of chearfull gayety, and that my spirits would sink and my mind become compleatly dismal and Melancholy. You have given me an account totally different, and I think I can depend on your opinion rather more than on that of the aforesaid Gentleman. Doctor Pringle,[3] my Father's great friend and adviser here, proposed first that I should go to Berlin, as I might there be amongst the *Scavans* and at the same time have the advantages of a Court and a foreign Capital where all genteel accomplishments can be learned. I own this appeared most agreable to me, and I dreaded that going to such a place as Utrecht would be too severe a change from the giddy dissipations of London, which produce a kind of feverish forgetfullness of care; and I was apprehensive that when I found myself in a heavy seat of Retirement, that my mind, like a wound when it is allowed to turn cold, might suffer much uneasiness. However, from your plan for me and from my Father's opinion I hope to find it an excellent *founding-place* for me, where I may prepare myself for travelling farther. I shall set out in a week or two. I shall jaunt up and down Holland first and then fix my Residence at Utrecht. Or, perhaps I ought first to take up my ground or rather headquarters and from thence make my excursions. If I find myself grow melancholy, I can remove to Berlin or to any other place.[4] But I imagine I may keep off the foul fiend by being allways well employed. I am obliged to you for your particular directions. A good servant such as you so naturaly and humourously describe will be a vast matter. As one cannot judge immediately of these sort of people, I think it would not be proper to risque the ex-

[1]Boswell's second London sojourn ended 4 August 1763, and two days later he left the country for the study of civil law at the University of Utrecht on Sir David's advice (*Boswell in Holland 1763-1764*, ed. F. A. Pottle, New York, 1952, pp. 2–3).

[2]William Cochrane, a cousin of Boswell's mother. The depressing conversation took place 3 July 1763 (*Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763*, pp. 198, 288). But Boswell's misgivings about Utrecht continued, and his dislike of the place in the first weeks after his arrival brought on a desperate attack of melancholy (*Boswell in Holland 1763-1764*, pp. 6–10).

[3]Dr., later Sir, John Pringle, Bt. (1707-82), physician to George III. His sober advice often bored Boswell (*Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763*, pp. 8, 46, 286).

[4]This passage reflects William Temple's advice (*ibid.*, pp. 286, 296).

pence of taking one from this. I shall look out for one in Holland.[5]

Pray favour me with as many recommendations to good sensible people as you can. I am told that you are remembered at Utrecht with respect.[6] You will be surprised at the date of this letter. Mr. Terrie,[7] my landlord in Downing Street, has turned out a rude, unmannerly fellow. He was impertinent to me, and I have quitted his house. A friend of mine[8] who has got Chambers in the Temple is gone to Cambridge for the summer and has politely assigned me his place. So here I am, snugly lodged in this calm retreat, where I shall remain till I set out. I send you an excellent new Song,[9] which is as much in vogue as Mr. Wilkes.[10] If you can find meaning in it, pray point it out to me. I ever am yours sincerely,

JAMES BOSWELL.

III

From Lord Hailes, ca. *Monday 2 December 1771*

[Edinburgh, *ca.* 2 December 1771][1]

DEAR SIR,

Having long taken a sort of charge of you in various circumstances of life, I think it necessary to explain to you the reason of my putting a memorandum[2] into your hands this morning.

Whether you was satisfyed with my Brother's conduct or not is what I had no right nor inclination to enquire about;[3] you certainly

[5]He found an excellent one there, François Mazerac (*Boswell in Holland 1763-1764*, p. 20 and *passim*).

[6]Lord Hailes later gave Boswell a letter to Count Nassau, chief magistrate of Utrecht, who introduced him to the best society (*ibid.*, pp. 7, 295). Lord Hailes had also studied there and wrote to Boswell, 11 April 1764: "When you write to me about Utrecht, *vous me faites rajeunir*. . . . I am proud of being remembered by so many persons who honoured me with their friendship" (*ibid.*, p. 242).

[7]Thomas Terrie, whose rudeness resulted in Boswell's leaving his house 5 July 1763 (*Boswell's London Journal 1762-1763*, pp. 289–90).

[8]William J. Temple (1739-96). Boswell moved to his chambers "in Farrar's buildings, at the bottom of Inner Temple-lane," 6 July 1763 (*The Life of Samuel Johnson*, ed. G. B. Hill, revised L. F. Powell, Oxford, 1934-50, I, 437).

[9]Not identified.

[10]John Wilkes (1727-97), whose arrest 30 April 1763 for the seditious *North Briton*, No. 45 made him the most celebrated figure of the day.

[1]This letter is Lord Hailes's copy. The approximate date of the original is conjectured from reference to Boswell's second article (see note 3 below) in the *London Chronicle*, 28 November 1771, which probably reached Edinburgh about 2 December, allowing four days for the post.

[2]Not further identified.

[3]John Dalrymple (d. 1779), see above, Boswell to Lord Hailes, 22 March 1760. As Provost of Edinburgh, 1770-1 (James Grant, *Cassell's Old and New Edinburgh*, London, 1883, III, 367), Dalrymple paid no special honour to Gen. Pasquali Paoli and his party when they visited the city on a tour of Scotland 3–12 September 1771 (*Scots Magazine*, XXXIII, 481–2). Boswell condemned Dalrymple for this omission in two sharply worded, anonymous letters to the *London Chronicle* for 24 October and 28 November 1771 (F. A. Pottle, *The Literary Career of James Boswell*, Oxford, 1929, p. 247), which occasioned the present letter.

have as good a right to judge for yourself as he has; with the propriety of his conduct as Provost I have no right to interfere; he is answerable to his constituents, not to me.

I hope that because you was dissatisfyed with his conduct in one particular, *you* did not insinuate that there were other *unnamed* circumstances in his conduct which you coud mention as blameworthy. I hope while you *attacked* with a *charge* you did not stab with an *insinuation*—that *you* did not represent him as a servile dependant on a rich man, that *you* did not endeavour to depreciate a gentleman of his fashion and connexions by treating him in ye character of a shop keeper in ye retail way, one who entertained General Monckton from the hope of his custom[4]—in other words, I hope *you* are ***not*** ye Author of ye two articles in ye London Newspapers.

I would persuade myself that *you* are not concerned in such illiberal abuse, for it would sound odd to the world and it would feel odd to me were it supposed that the author of two such articles of intelligence had been admitted under my roof in ye guise of unsuspicious friendship.

As such a report had been current to your prejudice, I thought it fair to let you know of it, that you might afford me an opportunity of vindicating you.

Hitherto you have not given me that opportunity, but as you have not precluded me from the hope of still having it, I am, *etc.*

No answer made to this, but he visited me no longer.

IV

To Lord Hailes, Tuesday 21 December 1773

Address: To The Right Honourable Lord Hailes.

Mr. Boswell's compliments to Lord Hailes. General Oglethorpe[1] writes to him as follows:

"Mr. Speed,[2] a Gentleman of real learning and descended in the male line from Speed[3] the Historian and Antiquarian, is satisfied that

[4]In the letter of 28 November 1771 Boswell remarked: ". . . our Provost is what is called a *Luckenbooths Merchant*, that is to say, is one who keeps a shop for retailing cloths, silks, and other materials for dress. . . ." Boswell went on to imply that the freedom of the city had not been formally extended to Paoli because the Provost expected no personal and material gain: "As an instance that our Provost can bestow the freedom of the city upon proper occasions, I shall only mention his giving it, with all obsequiousness, to General Monckton [on 31 Feb. 1771, *DNB*], for this very good reason, that the General's regiment is now quartered here, and will probably get *new clothing*, or at least will need *something* from the *shop*." *London Chronicle*, XXX, 520.

[1]General James Edward Oglethorpe (1696-1785).

[2]Not identified.

[3]John Speed (1552?-1629).

the History mentioned in the enclosed,[4] defending Queen Mary from the Calumny of Buchanan,[5] was written and is in being, but hath not been able to discover any copy and desires to know if any in Scotland and that you would preserve and return the quotations."

Now though the *Marian* controversy hath ceased, Mr. Boswell hopes that if Lord Hailes can give any information as to what Mr. Speed wants to know, he will be so obliging as do it.

James's Court [Edinburgh],
21 Dec. 1773.

[Memorandum in Lord Hailes's hand:] Answered that it appears from Dr. Smith's Life of Sir R. Cotton,[6] P. xvi-xvii, that what Casaubon[7] speaks of to Thuanus[8] is merely the Annals of Q. Elizabeth; decem *libri* means ten quires or parcels, *cayers*, not a work of ten Books.

V

To Lord Hailes, Tuesday 12 April 1774

Address: To The Right Honourable Lord Hailes.

Edinburgh, 12 April 1774.

My Dear Lord,

Mr. Samuel Johnson is busy with his Travels,[1] and you may believe I am very desireous to supply so noble a Builder with all the materials that I can get. He has in his Journal some notes with regard to a curious custom in the highlands, or at least the western isles, of children getting what are called *Mackalive* Cattel from their Foster-Fathers.[2] The derivation of Mackalive he could not learn.[3] I am send-

[4]Lord Hailes's memorandum below indicates the subject of the enclosure.

[5]George Buchanan (1506-82), a key figure in the fall of Mary Queen of Scots, invented charges against her in his *Detection*, 1571 (*DNB*).

[6]A memoir of Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631), the antiquary, is prefixed to the catalogue of his library published at Oxford, 1696, by Dr. Thomas Smith (1638-1710).

[7]Isaac Casaubon (1559-1614), historian and classicist.

[8]Jacques Auguste de Thuanus, or Thou (1553-1617), French historian. Casaubon and William Camden provided him with materials, including Sir Robert Cotton's *Commentaries* and other records of Queen Elizabeth's reign (*DNB* art. "Camden").

[1]*A Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, published 18 January 1775.

[2]They were cattle assigned by a father as the portion of his child who was to be fostered to a trusted tenant or friend. The tenant assigned an equal number of cattle to the child, and when the child returned to his father, all the original stock from both donors, with half the increase, was retained by the child. The other half of the increase went to the foster-father (Johnson, *Journey to the Western Islands*, ed. R. W. Chapman, London, 1934, pp. 122–3).

[3]It is explained as a compound of *mac* (son) and *oileamn-nam, oileav-nam* (to foster) in *Jamieson's Dictionary of the Scottish Language*.

ing him the papers in a Cause between Torloisk[4] and his Sisters, where the Court of Session gave judgement for a claim of Mackalive Cattel. Your Lordship, I observe, was Lord Ordinary in that Cause and dismissed the Claim. It would be very obliging to Mr. Johnson if your Lordship can give him any particulars of that Decision, in case the curious question was taken up by the Court.[5] I see upon my Father's Copy of the second Reclaiming Petition this note, "Highland Law should be reviewed."

I have the honour to be your Lordship's much obliged, humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

VI

To Lord Hailes, Saturday 7 May 1774

Edinburgh, 7 May 1774.

MY DEAR LORD,

It gives me much pleasure to find you engaged in such a Work as I allways wished you to give to your Country.[1] The Specimens are admirable, and I shall be impatient for the completion of the *Annals*. You have certainly a very good right to ask a favour of Mr. Johnson,[2] for I give you my honest word that he had for many years before he saw you a just idea of your Lordship's character, but was peculiarly happy with your conversation while he was in Scotland.[3] He only regretted one circumstance. He said it was a Pity you was a Whig. I know not if your Lordship will approve of the apology that I made for you. I said, "You must excuse him. He has all the good principles which compose a Tory, but has early imbibed a kind of prejudice against the Family of Stuart. Dryden says,

> We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend,
> But most are Babes that know not they offend.[4]

[4]Lachlan Maclean of Torloisk succeeded to the estate 1765 (*Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, I, 395; *The Private Papers of James Boswell*, X, 100–1).

[5]The case is not cited in Johnson's account of the custom in *A Journey*.

[1]*Annals of Scotland from the Accession of Malcolm III . . . to the Accession of the House of Stewart* (vol. I, 1776; vol. II, 1779), Lord Hailes's chief work, specimen sheets of which he distributed to several friends.

[2]In a letter to Johnson 12 May 1774 Boswell transcribed Lord Hailes's request as follows: "If you could procure Dr. Johnson's criticisms, they would be of great use to me in the prosecution of my work, as they would be judicious and true. I have no right to ask that favour of him. If you could, it would highly oblige me." *Letters of James Boswell*, ed. C. B. Tinker (Oxford, 1924), I, 202–3.

[3]Johnson's high opinion of Lord Hailes is indicated in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, I, 451–2 and *passim*. During the journey to Scotland in 1773 Boswell and Johnson dined in company with Lord Hailes 17 August, and as his guests on a day between 11 and 19 November (*Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, ed. F. A. Pottle and C. H. Bennett, New York, 1936, pp. 30–1, 385).

[4]"Prologue to His Royal Highness . . . Spoken by Mr. Smith 21st April 1682" (*Works of John Dryden*, ed. Sir Walter Scott, London, 1808, X, 367).

Our friend Lord Hailes is a Babe in that particular."

If your Lordship pleases to write to Mr. Johnson along with the Specimens, I shall be happy to transmit your letter, and I am sure he would be flattered by it. If not, I shall transmit them to him. But I would beg to know a little more. Does your Lordship mean to publish two *forms* of the Work? Or do you want to have Mr. Johnson's opinion which form is best? If the latter is the case, I could lay a considerable bet that he will prefer what your Lordship calls the *duller* way, because it is the fullest.[5] I would also suggest that Mr. Johnson would like to see more than *Specimens* of such a Work. But I take it for granted your Lordship means to send him the whole by degrees. He is indolent and dilatory in a degree hardly credible, considering how much he has done.

I have not yet received *Retaliation*.[6] I am in doubt if it be genuine. When I get it, I shall not fail to send it to you. In the mean time I send a character of Mr. Johnson as a kind of Supplement to it.[7] Goldsmith's peculiarity was a kind of Irish *Etourderie* which I cannot well describe. He was humane and benevolent in an extraordinary degree.[8]

I also send Mrs. McAulay on Literary Property.[9] Has your Lordship seen the *Heroick Epistle to Sir William Chambers* and the *Postscript* to it?[10] I have them both. I am ever yours,

JAMES BOSWELL.

VII

To Lord Hailes, Monday 9 May 1774

Edinburgh, 9 May 1774.

MY DEAR LORD,

I shall think myself happy in being a Negociator between such literary Powers as Mr. Johnson and your Lordship. I suppose the

[5]He proposed two editions, one quarto with notes, the other octavo without notes (see also the following letter). The octavo edition was abandoned, probably as a result of such advice against it as Boswell offered. A letter from Adam Fergusson to Lord Hailes 17 May 1774 (MS Newhailes) argued against it on the same grounds.

[6]Published 19 April (18 April according to some title-pages) 1774 (Iolo Williams, *Seven XVIIIth Century Bibliographies*, London, 1924, p. 162). Goldsmith's authorship of the poem was known to very few of his acquaintances (John Forster, *The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, London, 1862, p. 456).

[7]Not identified.

[8]Goldsmith died 4 April 1774. Boswell makes these same points in his character of Goldsmith in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill-Powell, I. 413.

[9]Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, *A Modest Plea for the Property of Copyright* (Bath, 1774). The much debated question of copyright was before the courts in England and Scotland at this time. Boswell's *Decision of the Court of Session on Literary Property* had been published in Edinburgh around 25 January 1774 (F. A. Pottle, *Literary Career of James Boswell*, p. 100).

[10]William Mason's *Heroic Epistle* in which Sir William Chambers (1727-96), Johnson, and others were satirized, was published anonymously in February 1773,

Text in both Specimens is the same, though I could not be quite sure till I saw that 1297 in the Quarto is the sequel of 1296 in Octavo. My *Dispatches* shall go off either this night or tomorrow. I am glad we are to have the full edition first.

By a letter which I had from Mr. Dilly[1] this afternoon, I find that Mr. Johnson is already *treating* with the Booksellers about his Northern Tour.[2] I am sending him the Mackalive Cattel Papers and an account of Icolmkill published in detached papers in the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine.[3]

Did your Lordship ever observe in No. 19 of Bruce's *Decisions* an argument stated that the Castle of Edinburgh was a religious House, from whence came the name *Castrum Puellarum*?[4] It struck me for the first time the other day. Bruce says he has deposited the papers relative to his *Decisions* in the Advocates Library.[5] But he has not been as good as his word, for I could not find them. I wanted to see if Duncan Forbes,[6] whose Argument is quoted as to *Castrum Puellarum*, had given any *Proof, Authority*, or *Illustration*.

I send you the *Postscript to the Heroick Epistle*, as also *The Ierenarch*,[6a] in which last there is not much. I am offered 100 guineas to give a short Irenarch or Justice of Peace for Scotland.[7] Or, indeed, to revise and furbish up Forbes's Book dedicated to your Grandfather.[8]

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and the *Heroic Postscript* appeared 10 February 1774 (Paget Toynbee, *Satirical Poems Published Anonymously by William Mason with Notes by Horace Walpole*, Oxford, 1926, pp. 32, 71).

[1]Charles (1739-1807), or Edward (1737-79) Dilly, Boswell's publishers.

[2]It was published by Strahan and Cadell and printing was started 20 June 1774 (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 278).

[3]"An Account of the Island Icolumbkill," *The Weekly Magazine, or Edinburgh Amusement*, XXIV, April, 1774, 73–5, 97–100, 133–5.

[4]Alexander Bruce, *Decisions of the Lords of Council and Session from November 1714 to July 1715* . . . (Edinburgh, 1720), p. 27. The disputed title of *castrum puellarum* as applied to the Castle appears to rest only on a conjecture that a nunnery was there in the early twelfth century (Daniel Wilson, *Memorials of Edinburgh*, Edinburgh, 1875, p. 3). Lord Hailes's interest in the subject is evidenced by an inquiry he addressed to readers of *The Scots Magazine*, XXXV, March, 1773, 120, concerning evidence that *castrum puellarum* was a designation for Edinburgh, and the interpretation of the phrase in Gaelic.

[5]Bruce, *Decisions*, p. iii.

[6]Duncan Forbes (1685-1747), advocate and later President of the Court of Session.

[6a]*The Irenarch or Justice of the Peace's Manual* by the Rev. Ralph Heathcote (1721-95). There were editions in 1771, 1774, and 1781 (John Nichols, *Literary Anecdotes*, London 1812, III, 539).

[7]By Alexander Donaldson, the bookseller (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, XIII, 105).

[8]William Forbes, *On the Duty and Powers of Justices of the Peace in . . . Scotland* (Edinburgh, Pts. I-II, 1707-8), dedicated to Sir David Dalrymple, 1st Bt. Donaldson's offer was probably made earlier than the date of the present letter, for Boswell's autograph copy of Forbes's book at the National Library of Scotland is dated 1772, and bears this notice in another hand, "A Present from Mr. Alex[r] Donaldson, Bookseller" (this information is kindly furnished by Mr. R. A. Carnie of Dundee, Scotland).

Lord Gardenston[9] is giving a *Justice*, but it is to be as big-bellied as Burn's.[10] We are to have quite a System. I mean a useful Compend for honest Lairds only. I am ever, My Dear Lord, your much obliged, humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

VIII

To Lord Hailes, Saturday 1 April 1775

London, 1 April 1775.

MY DEAR LORD,

Since I am to keep an account of the postages of your packets, you may save *yourself* money by enclosing them to Henry Thrale, Esq. M.P. Southwark, London. That Gentleman is Mr. Johnson's great friend, and so is his Lady who is learned and lively.[1] Mr. Johnson lives much with them, and they live well. I have a general invitation to dine at their house when I am not otherwise engaged. I have several such houses in this most excellent metropolis. Indeed, I have more dinners than I can eat.

I shall inquire about Sir Harry Wotton's handwriting next week and send you a specimen of it.[1a] Dr. Horne, Master of St. Magdalen's, Oxford, is the intended Editor of Walton's Lives.[1b] We shall contrive to set agoing a correspondence between your Lordship and him. I shall be sure to get the Ballad you want from Mr. Warton.[2]

Has your Lordship read *Taxation no Tyranny*?[3] Mr. Johnson is great in his rage *there*. He treats the American rebels with much contemptous severity. Lord Camden attacked the Pamphlet in the House of Lords. Lord Sandwich defended it.[4]

[9]Francis Garden (1721-93), Lord Gardenstone, a Lord of Session.

[10]Richard Burn (1709-85), author of *The Justice of the Peace and Parish Officer*, 2 vols., (London, 1755), which went through many editions, increasing in size with each.

[1]Henry Thrale (1728?-81) and Hester Lynch Thrale (1741-1821), Johnson's devoted friends, whom Boswell characterized memorably in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, I, 490–6.

[1a]Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639), famous ambassador of James I and provost of Eton College. Izaak Walton was one of his constant associates.

[1b]Dr. George Horne (1730-92), Bishop of Norwich, who gave up his plan to edit Walton's *Lives* after Johnson mistakenly told him that Lord Hailes intended it (*ibid.*, II, 445, 279–80, 283–4).

[2]Thomas Warton (1728-90). The ballad is not identified. Boswell forwarded Lord Hailes's request to Warton through Johnson but almost a year later had to remind Johnson of it when they visited Warton at Oxford 20 March 1776 (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, XI, 173–4).

[3]Published 8 March 1775 (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 515).

[4]Charles Pratt (1714-94), 1st Earl of Camden and Lord Chancellor, cited the pamphlet in his speech against the bill for restraining trade and commerce of the New England Colonies 16 March 1775. On the same occasion John Montagu (1718-92), 4th Earl of Sandwich and First Lord of the Admiralty, cited it in speaking for the bill (*Cobbett's Parliamentary History*, London, 1814, XVIII, 439).

What do you think of Macpherson's last Publication?[5] It is variously spoken of here.

I send you eight pages of your *Annals* revised by Mr. Johnson. The red ink in which his notes are written will come off with a wet sponge, as it does not sink into the paper, so he says your MS. is not defaced.[6] He says we will send him some every post. I shall remind him, or there is danger of his forgetting. He says, "Does Lord Hailes love me? I love him."[7]

I ever am, My Dear Lord, your obliged, humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

Mr. Johnson is much pleased with your *Annals*.

IX

To Lord Hailes, Wednesday 12 April 1775[5]

London, 12 April 1775.

MY DEAR LORD,

No apology is necessary to Mr. Thrale. He is happy to do anything that can oblige Mr. Johnson (We must call him *Doctour* now, as the University of Oxford have dignified him with a *Diploma*)[1] or Mr. Johnson's friends. Thrale is a sensible, worthy, true-born englishman.

I enclose so much more of the *Annals* with the *red notes*. I told Dr. Johnson you said you would be *dissappointed* if he did not like your Queen Margaret,[2] "and I should have been *ashamed*," said he. We were dining at General Oglethorpe's[3] when he returned me the enclosed parcel and said this a good while after; before we left the General's, he told me, "I cried at, or *for*, Queen Margaret."[4]

Tomorrow being Good Friday[5] I pass wholly with Dr. Johnson at Church and at his house.[6] I shall remind him of your sheets, for he

[5]*A History of Great Britain, from the Restoration to the Accession of the House of Hanover* by James Macpherson (1736-96), written with admitted Jacobite bias. Lord Hailes defended his grandfather against Macpherson's abuse in a letter dated 19 June 1775 to *London Magazine*, XLIV, July, 1775, 330–1.

[6]Several parcels of specimens of the *Annals* so marked are in the library at Newhailes.

[7]See also *The Private Papers of James Boswell*, X, 172.

[1]On 7 April 1775 (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 331–3).

[2]Queen Margaret (1240-75), daughter of Henry III and wife of Alexander III of Scotland.

[3]Monday 10 April (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 350).

[4]Lord Hailes's matter-of-fact account of her unhappy years in Scotland seems hardly deserving of the emotion it inspired. See *Annals of Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1819), I, 199.

[5]If the date of the heading, 12 April 1775, was correct, the next day was Thursday.

[6]Fully described in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 352–60.

requires the *vellere et admonere*.[7] I have received another parcel from 1124 to 1157 which I shall deliver to him.[8]

My Life of James IV is only floating in my brain.[9] Whether it will ever arrive at compleat formation and be delivered like Pallas, I cannot say. I hope the best of myself.

I ever am, My Dear Lord, your obliged, humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

X

To Lord Hailes, ca. *Wednesday 1 January 1777*
February 1775

[Edinburgh, *ca.* 1 January 1777][1]

MY DEAR LORD,

I sincerely wish you many happy New Years and that they may be fertile in literary fruits. I send you a note of what Dr. Johnson said in May last of your *Annals*.[2] When shall I have more sheets to send to him?

I also send you a copy of his *Journey to the Western Islands* from the Authour.[3]

Will you allow me to keep your copy of Walton's four lives till I get another, as I have it much at heart to have a good edition made of them together with his life of Bishop Sanderson. I doubt if Dr. Horne will undertake it.[4] Will you be so good as suggest how one

[7]Vergil *Ecloga* VI. 3–4.

[8]This particular parcel is at Newhailes.

[9]James IV (1473-1513), King of Scotland and patron of Boswell's ancestors. The projected life was never written (*Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, ed. Pottle and Bennett, 65).

[1]Place and date are conjectured from Boswell's greeting and references to Johnson.

[2]See enclosure below, which Boswell probably transcribed from virtually the same passage in his London journal for 16 May 1776 (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, XI, 289).

[3]Boswell had received his own copy in Edinburgh 18 January 1775, the same date as its publication in London, and sat up most of the night reading it (*The Private Papers of James Boswell*, X, 85). He was eager to share his "treasure" but "as I had written to Mr. Johnson that I would not let a soul see it till Mr. Strahan's cargo was arrived, I kept it close, though I had many solicitations" (*ibid.*, X, 86). But Strahan delayed sending the parcel of copies for Scotland, and Johnson, anxious for Lord Hailes's opinion of the book, urged Boswell in a letter dated 28 January 1775 to "lend it him privately" (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, II, 294). Lord Hailes acknowledged the pleasure he received from reading the *Journey* in a letter to Boswell dated 6 February 1775 (*Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, ed. Pottle and Bennett, p. 394). Boswell did not receive the publisher's promised copies for Johnson's Scottish friends until November 1776, and he waited for Johnson's instructions for distributing them until around Christmas 1776 or the time of this letter (*The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, III, 94–5).

[4]Boswell's plan for an edition of Walton was never carried out (*ibid.*, III, 107, 488).

should go about such a business. I shall get from the British Museum a bit of Sir Harry Wotton's handwriting.[5]

I ever am, My Dear Lord, your much obliged, humble servt.

JAMES BOSWELL.

[Separate sheet enclosure.] *Address*: To The Honourable Lord Hailes.

At London on Thursday 16 May 1776, Dr. Samuel Johnson said to me, "Lord Hailes's *Annals* have not that painted form which people like nowadays. But it is a Book which will allways sell. There is in it such a stability of dates, such a certainty of facts, and such a punctuality of citation. I never before read Scotch History with certainty."[6]

JAMES BOSWELL.

XI

To Lord Hailes, Friday 11 February 1790

London, 11 Febry. 1790.

MY DEAR LORD,

Many thanks to you for your speedy and obliging answer and for your kind and judicious hints for the conduct of my *Magnum Opus*.[1] I am now to trouble your Lordship with a minute inquiry. You no doubt are possessed of a small volume entitled *The Union or Select Scots and English Poems*, printed at Edinburgh in 1753. I am pretty sure from memory that the late Mr. William Guthrie told me that he was the authour of a small piece in that collection called "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast, a Fable," though it is there said to be written "by Mr. Archibald Scott, before the year 1600." Your Lordship, I take it for granted, can inform me authentically as to this and whether the name of Archibald Scott was affixed intentionally, to make it be thought that the poem was ancient, or by mistake.[2] I observe there are two pieces in the volume "by a late member of the University of Aberdeen," who,

[5]The same tribute appears without important change in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, III, 58.

[6]This tribute appears without important change in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, III, 58.

[1]Boswell probably refers to Lord Hailes's letter in the Fettercairn Papers dated 24 January 1790 which is described as follows: "He gives Boswell full liberty to say [in *The Life of Johnson*] that Dr. Johnson corrected errors of language in his *Annals* warns him against recording trifling *dicta* of the Doctor; and bids him remember that 'Dr. J. is the principal figure of the piece'" (C. C. Abbott, *A Catalogue of Papers . . . at Fettercairn House*, Oxford, 1936, p. 64).

[2]Lord Hailes was apparently unable to add anything to this, because Boswell's account of William Guthrie (1708-70) in *The Life of Johnson*, ed. Hill and Powell, I, 116–18, repeats in a note the information that is here the subject of inquiry. The poem in question first appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, 1727, and is commonly attributed to Ramsay, writing under the pseudonym of Archibald Scott (*ibid.*, I, 117 n. 1).

it seems, directed the Collection.[3] *Who* was this Gentleman? perhaps it may be known.

Mr. Malone had the remarks as to Shakespeare *before*.[4] That as to Shallow and Silence is Dr. Farmer's.[5] Mr. Malone is a man quite according to your Lordship's own heart. His Shakespeare is a Work of wonderful research. I have told him that probably your Lordship will favour him with observations upon it for a second edition.

My eldest son is at Eton School, which I suppose your Lordship recollects with pleasure.[6] It is now in a very flourishing state. Dr. Davies,[7] the Master, is a capital scholar, and my son is exceedingly fortunate in his tutor, the Rev. Mr. Goodall,[8] one of the most accomplished men I have ever seen.

I will be very much obliged to your Lordship for an answer as to Guthry as soon as may be, for he comes in at an early part of my *Life of Johnson*.

I ever am, My Dear Lord, your very faithful, humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

Mr. Penn is my very near neighbour and great companion at Lord Lonsdale's,[9] and makes me welcome to have all my letters come under his cover.

[3]Thomas Warton compiled *The Union* under this pseudonym (*DNB*).

[4]Edmond Malone (1741-1812), whose edition of Shakespeare was published 29 November 1790. Boswell's reference here and in the following sentence is not certain in the absence of Lord Hailes's letter.

[5]Dr. Richard Farmer (1735-97), who assisted Johnson, Steevens, and Malone in their editions of Shakespeare.

[6]Alexander Boswell (1775-1822). Since 15 October 1789 he had been at Eton, where in 1742 Lord Hailes had also studied (*The Letters of James Boswell*, II, 384; *Eton College Lists, 1678-1790*, ed. R. A. Austen Leigh, Eton, 1907, p. 33).

[7]Dr. Jonathan Davis (1736-1809). He entertained Boswell cordially on the occasion of his visit to Eton in October, 1789 (*The Letters of James Boswell*, II, 380).

[8]Joseph Goodall (1760-1840), assistant master at Eton 1783 and provost after Dr. Davis in 1809 (*DNB*).

[9]Richard Penn (1736-1811), deputy governor of Pennsylvania and grandson of William Penn. He encouraged Boswell's courtship of James Lowther (1736-1802), 1st Earl of Lonsdale, for a seat in Parliament, but nothing came of it and Boswell and Lord Lonsdale soon quarrelled bitterly (*The Letters of James Boswell*, II, 396–9).

PATER AND ELIOT

WILLIAM BLISSETT

THE common reader is given little encouragement by Mr. T. S. Eliot to read widely or sympathetically in the works of Walter Pater. Eliot's essay on "Arnold and Pater,"[1] indeed, holds Pater up throughout as a horrible example of what Arnold's views of culture and religion could and did degenerate into. Little is said in praise of Pater except that he Hellenized purely and that he had a visual imagination, though even here he is compared unfavourably with Roger Fry and Mr. Bernard Berenson. Eliot in this regard is conspicuously less generous in his praise than Mr. Herbert Read, who in a recent broadcast talk quoted Pater's description of Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* as "not only a perfectly conveyed description of the painting, so that we can visualize it although we may never have seen the original or a reproduction; but at the same time an interpretation of its meaning or significance."[2]

It comes therefore as something of a surprise to find pervasive in *Marius the Epicurean* and scattered throughout Pater's other works explorations of areas of thought and concern later assumed to be the private domain of Eliot. Not only do they share an interest in an unusually large number of the same writers, but in the more personal realm of expression and imagery there are resemblances even more striking.

To begin with a simple instance: the action of *Marius* takes place at the point of division between pagan and Christian Rome. Four poems of the period enter intimately into the hero's world of ideas; of these, the *Satyricon* is used in the epigraph to *The Waste Land*; a fragment of the *Pervigilium Veneris* the protagonist shores against his ruins at the end; and *Animula* gives name and theme to one of the Ariel poems. Eliot is, like Pater, a classical scholar, but where are his references to Horace, to Catullus and Propertius, until recently to Virgil?

Other poems of Eliot, however, are of interest here not simply for their classical allusions but for a recognition of parallels between the Roman and the contemporary world. In *Coriolan*, the resemblances to the triumphal procession of Marcus Aurelius as described by Pater[3] are quite striking:

[1]T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays* (London, 1951), 431 ff.
[2]Herbert Read, "The Art of Art Criticism," *The Listener*, XLVII, 1952, 714.
[3]Walter Pater, *Marius the Epicurean* (Modern Library ed.), 156, 157.

Marius beheld a man of about five-and-forty years of age, with prominent eyes—eyes, which though demurely downcast during this essentially religious ceremony, were by nature broadly and benignantly observant.

> There he is now, look:
> There is no interrogation in his eyes
> Or in his hands, quiet over the horse's neck,
> And the eyes watchful, waiting, perceiving, indifferent.

You saw the brow of one who, amid the blindness or perplexity of the people about him, understood all things clearly. . . . Yet the cloud of some reserved internal sorrow, passing from time to time into an expression of fatigue and effort, of loneliness amid the shouting multitude, might have been detected there by the more observant. . . .

> What shall I cry?
> Mother, mother . . .
> I a tired head among these heads . . .
> O hidden. . . .

The soldiers can't understand you, they don't know Greek.

> Please, will you
> Give us a light?
> Light
> Light
> Et les soldats faisaient la haie? ILS LA FAISAIENT.

Not only is the same person being observed: he is being observed in each case from the point of view of one who can see the conqueror's distress and whose perception impels him from paganism to Christianity.

Let us go on noting similarities even at the risk of occasionally forcing parallels. Two subjects of meditation in Eliot, recurrent in his whole work and culminating in the *Four Quartets*, are Words and Time. Both are matters of concern to Pater, though the treatment of writing in *Marius* is concentrated in the section of the book dealing with the hero's immaturity and hence lacks the seriousness of the passages in the *Four Quartets*. The chapter called "The Golden Book" does, however, adumbrate some of Eliot's earlier styles: it praises Apuleius for his pastiche of ancient and modern, learned and lewd, for his "quaint terms and images picked up fresh from the early dramatists, the lifelike phrases of some lost poet preserved by an old grammarian, racy morsels of the vernacular and studied prettinesses:—all alike, mere playthings for the genuine power and natural eloquence of the erudite artist, unsuppressed by his erudition. . . ." Pater might have praised "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service" in similar terms. And again, the fluid structure of *The Waste Land*, where one character,

in Eliot's words, melts into another, who is not wholly distinct from a third, Pater finds in Apuleius—"story within story—stories with the sudden, unlooked-for changes of dreams."[4]

Though discussed in a chapter called (and well called) "Euphuism," the self-dedication of Flavius to the art of writing has a little—not much, but a little—of the care and rigour expressed by Eliot's passages on the art in the *Four Quartets*. Flavius was "an ardent, indefatigable student of words, of the means or instrument of the literary art," and he set himself a programme "partly conservative or reactionary, in its dealing with the instrument of the literary art; partly popular and revolutionary, asserting, so to term them, the rights of the *proletariate* of speech."[5] Eliot sees a similar task in a less hectic light when he speaks in modest parenthesis of the phrase and sentence that is right

> (where every word is at home,
> Taking its place to support the others,
> The word neither diffident nor ostentatious,
> An easy commerce of the old and the new,
> The common word exact without vulgarity,
> The formal word precise but not pedantic,
> The complete consort dancing together).

Pater and Eliot are alike preoccupied with time. Perhaps that is no more than to say that they are both modern sensibilities; except that there is a similarity in the sort of preoccupation and in the terms of its expression. Young Marius, for instance, is from the beginning impressed with the "sacredness of time," and for him a religious procession "moves in absolute stillness," as later for Eliot

> a Chinese jar still
> Moves perpetually in its stillness.

Pater's whole endeavour is to attain that processional stillness—not, of course, by rising to the sort of contemptation Eliot demands, but by "treating life in the spirit of art," by cultivating a "taste for the past" and a sense of the "spirit of place."[6] *The Child in the House*, the *Imaginary Portraits*, *Marius*, and *Gaston*, all go in search of lost time, all listen for the rhythm of the river:

> His rhythm was present in the nursery bedroom,
> In the rank ailanthus of the April dooryard,
> In the smell of grapes on the autumn table,
> And the evening circle in the winter gaslight.

In both writers the sense of the flow of time is intended to contribute

[4] *Ibid.*, 46, 47. [5] *Ibid.*, 77, 78. [6] *Ibid.*, 3, 5, 149, 276.

to the transcendence of time, which is their real object. "When, when shall time give place to eternity?" Marius cries; a lyric of Eliot's echoes this: "When will time flow away?" The answers are similar in expression: for Pater there is, apparently in the order of nature, a "hieratic beauty and order," a timeless realm where (to use his words)[7] "life is music," or (to use Eliot's) "you are the music while the music lasts."

Eliot's philosophic grasp is the stronger and his poetic depth the more profound. The "freedom from past and present," the "ideal now," the quasi-"beatific vision" which Pater's hero looks for[8] in regarding life as the end of life (whatever that means) bears little relation to the programme of ascetic discipline prescribed in the *Quartets*. But how could it? And why should it? Pater's book is a shadowed autobiography, an account of a closing in upon Christianity, a journey of a magus. Marius is a young man with many possessions; the attraction of Christianity to him is fully described, but not the leap of faith, for the good reason that he, and Pater, have not made it and, to give them a credit often denied them, will not pretend. They see that they could "never be the same" if they accepted Christianity, and they appreciate (good Pater word) the "radical hopelessness" of their state until they do.[9]

The honesty and anguish of that realization is, to be sure, marred by an undue stress on the "naturalness of Christianity," on the humanistic aspects of the Church, and by what in Pater is a more serious fault, the bad taste of such phrases as "the elegance of sanctity"—used as an intensification of the beauty of holiness.[10] It is obscured likewise by the use of religiously charged words to describe aesthetic experiences—but this is a characteristic of courtly literature from the *Roman de la Rose* to Henry James.

Contrary to common misconception, Pater did not willingly relax into an obscurantist paganized Christianity but praised a "vigorous intelligence" as opposed to an "enervating mysticism."[11] It is true that in his treatment of philosophers he is more concerned with the flavour of ideas and with their embodiment in life than with system; and this limitation of interest enables him to do justice only to one aspect of Plato, for instance. But this defect has its proper virtue, and in the imaginary portrait of Sebastian van Storck he succeeds admirably in showing what it is like to be a Spinozist. (Ironically, Pater's young essentialist, like the young existentialist Kierkegaard, is led by his philosophy to break off his engagement, to the accompaniment of a

[7] *Ibid.*, 171, 20, 379. [8] *Ibid.*, 117, 122, 200, 216, 378.
[9] *Ibid.*, 286, 348. [10] *Ibid.*, 296, 300. [11] *Ibid.*, 102–3.

painfully articulate and protracted written disquisition.) Eliot himself draws the distinction between philosophical belief and poetic assent;[12] he does not require either Dante or the readers of Dante to be strict Thomists but is content by an imaginative reading of the poem to experience what it was like to be a medieval Christian. I think, therefore, that Pater's claim in his comparable endeavours to the use of a vigorous and critical intelligence may at least be considered.

Certainly I believe Pater to have applied intelligence to an understanding of pagan myth and religion, bringing the best anthropological knowledge available at his time to bear on his literary appreciation. In *Greek Studies*, for instance, in telling the story of Theseus, he speaks of it as "mythic shorthand for civilization";[13] and the description of peasants leaping through blazing straw in *Marius*[14] displays a sense of *participation mystique* which anticipates the rustic dance in *East Coker*. For Pater, as for Marius, "intellectual apprehensions are like sensations";[15] there is in his telling of myth and his myth-making, his imaginary portraits and his portraits from life (or, at least, from letters)—his Flavian and Apuleius in *Marius*, his Bruno and Montaigne in *Gaston*—a direct sensuous apprehension of thought, though in the manner of biography not of drama.

One of Marius's earliest impressions is of disgust at pagan blood sacrifice: the butchery nauseates him, and marks the point at which pagan rite can no longer be enjoyed. It marks likewise the point of bifurcation of our two writers. For Pater, bitterness, the flavour of death, a thought of loss so serene, so comprehensive, that nothing really is lost—this can be appreciated: it is fuel for the hard gemlike flame; but whatever cannot be so appreciated—butchery, the gross horror of snakes copulating[16]—must be cast out. Eliot sees what Pater dared not see. "Birth and copulation and death" is a more honest phrase than "birth and gesture and death and the springing of violets from the grave."[17] The difference lies mainly in the Christian poet's power of suffering and participation in sacrifice:

> (And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
> Enacted on that same divan or bed;
> I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
> And walked among the lowest of the dead.)

Eliot's essay on Pascal is surely one of his most perceptive because

[12]*Selected Essays*, 257.
[13]*Greek Studies* (London, 1920), 160. Does not Pater deserve something better than this? "The Greek is no longer the awe-inspiring Belvedere of Winckelmann, Goethe, and Schopenhauer, the figure of which Walter Pater and Oscar Wilde offered us a slightly debased re-edition." *Selected Essays*, 63.
[14]*Marius*, 12. [15]*Ibid.*, 119. [16]*Ibid.*, 6, 18.
[17]Walter Pater, *The Renaissance* (New York, Modern Library ed.), 195.

of this power and participation, Pater's as surely one of his weakest and most revealing in its weakness.[18] All Pater does is to give us a picture of Pascal (stressing, of course, his youth and charm and talent, just as in *Plato and Platonism* he stressed the youthful melancholy of Heraclitus) and then to quote some of the more arresting of the *Pensées* for us to appreciate their flavour. Pascal's abyss loses its steepness and terror as he takes his place in Pater's Gallery, embalmed in the amber of Pater's prose.

Again, both writers employ the rather unusual image of the world as a hospital in which cure comes from the Church, if at all. Early in *Marius* Pater writes: "The priesthood or 'family' of Aesculapius, a vast college, believed to be in possession of certain precious medical secrets, came nearest perhaps, of all the institutions of the pagan world, to the Christian priesthood; the temples of the god, rich in some instances with the accumulated thank-offerings of centuries of a tasteful devotion, being really also a kind of hospitals for the sick, administered in a full conviction of the religiousness, the refined and sacred happiness, of a life spent in the relieving of pain." As Marius nears the end of his course, in the chapter called "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum," when he is oppressed by the lack of charity in the world but more by his own sense of failure in love, he thinks thus to himself: "But to-day, my own sense of fatigue, the pity I conceive for myself, disposed me strongly to a tenderness for others. For a moment the whole world seemed to present itself as a hospital for sick persons; many of them sick in mind; all of whom it would be a brutality not to humour, not to indulge."[19] The arresting phrase from his description of La Gioconda—"the soul with all its maladies"—returns perforce to mind. In the fourth part of *East Coker*, we find the same image, but it is introduced by these lines

> The wounded surgeon plies the steel
> That questions the distempered part;

and nothing more need be said on this major point of difference between the two writers.

To a lesser degree, however, their divergence may be expressed in terms of type of imagination. Pater's imagination, highly developed and disciplined, is that of a connoisseur of painting: persons, scenes, and the ideas belonging to them (all Pater's ideas are iconography) are caught in a special, a characteristic light—a subdued or a brilliant light, a Botticellian early morning light, the sinister light of Leonardo.[20] Pater's moment, on which he lays such stress, is the moment of the

[18]Walter Pater, *Miscellaneous Studies* (London, 1928), 48 ff.
[19]*Marius*, 23, 341.
[20]*The Renaissance*, 103.

picture, and the word he uses for his approach to art and to life—appreciation—is the most nearly exact for the approach to the art of painting.

One takes in a picture but gives oneself to music. The difference does not depend on a degree of effort; rather it is a matter of the distinction between appreciation and participation, between taking pains and sacrifice.[21] Both writers praise "strenuous minds," but for Pater, "The theory of idea or system which requires of us the sacrifice of any part of . . . experience, in consideration of some interest into which we cannot enter, or some abstract theory we have not identified with ourselves, or of what is only conventional, has no real claim upon us . . .,"[22] while for Eliot, "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality."[23] The self, which is hateful, fares forth to appreciate the picture or the biography but finds itself superfluous in the presence of music or drama.

Eliot's imagination, while capable of visual effects of great power, is most deeply stirred by music. The effect of the scene "painted" at the opening of *Sweeney Erect* is gained as much by sound as by visualization, and the elaborate piece of word-painting in "A Game of Chess" is intentionally in bad taste. In Eliot's critical writing there is little or nothing about the visual arts, and two periods of culture which greatly moved Pater—classic Greece with its sculpture, the high Renaissance with its painting—Eliot virtually ignores. Music clearly is the art—other than his own—that he knows and prizes most, and the *Four Quartets* consciously "aspire to the condition of music."[24] The very celebrity of that phrase of Pater's has obscured the significant fact that seldom if ever did he show any interest in a particular piece of music or in a musician, or any appreciation of the art of music, its characteristic problems, limitations, and rewards. Music, dancing, drama he left severely alone; painting, sculpture, and whatever in literature could be allied to them were his fields.

The drift of my argument will now be clear. It puts forth evidence for the conjecture that Eliot, perhaps (like Max Beerbohm) in the more decadent days of his childhood, but very probably early in his career, was attracted to Pater's works, so strongly indeed that some of the tastes they display, the images they use, the preoccupations they evince, have appeared and reappeared in Eliot's work, though combined with other and deeper influences and experiences, and given an

[21] Eliot refers in his essay on Charles Whibley to the "pains of Pater." *Selected Essays*, 495.
[22] Walter Pater, *Appreciations* (London, 1907), 17; *The Renaissance*, 198.
[23] *Selected Essays*, 17.
[24] *The Renaissance*, 111; see also *Miscellaneous Studies*, 154.

emphasis and meaning beyond Pater's. "At one period of our lives we did enjoy Swinburne," Eliot admits; "Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*," he writes, on another occasion, "first by my rapture and next by my revolt, held up my appreciation of Beatrice by many years."[25] Pater's influence I conjecture to be concurrent. As Mr. Ezra Pound has said, Pater "is not dull in the least. He is adolescent reading, and very excellent bait."[26]

But Eliot and Pater, in spite of an impressive list of coincidences of interest, were not really going the same way. Eliot can never have thought of Pater as "his author," and perhaps the very experience of exhausting and outgrowing him has led Eliot, unconsciously, as we all do, to minimize or innocently to conceal the influence. Pater in not so much illustrating the practice of art for art's sake as expounding it as a theory of life strikes Eliot as on the wrong track altogether, and there are many details of that exposition to annoy a mind like Eliot's: both are concerned with words, but Mr. Eliot, thus far, has managed without the words "quaint," "dainty," and "winsome"; Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant, is an insult to Pater's Greek Spirit; Eliot in a recent broadcast on Virgil[27] showed embarrassment in the presence of the phrase *anima naturaliter Christiana*; it *is* hackneyed, and perhaps partly made so by its having been used as a chapter title in *Marius*. Pater had the annoying practice sometimes, of, with great precision, hitting the nail on the point.

Perhaps, however, we shall see one of those acts of reparation which figure so largely in Mr. Eliot's later criticism. Much, after all, may be forgiven a man as fond of cats as Pater was.

[25]*Selected Essays*, 262, 324.
[26]Ezra Pound, *Guide to Kulchur* (New York, 1952), 160.
[27]"Virgil and the Christian World," *The Listener*, XLVI, 1952, 411.

Letters in Canada: 1952

Edited by J. R. MacGillivray

THIS is the eighteenth annual survey of "Letters in Canada" to appear in the Quarterly. It differs from others in that the check-lists which have been an important feature in the past are omitted. When the Canadian Bibliographic Centre at Ottawa, preparing for the establishment of the National Library of Canada, began the publication of *Canadiana* early in 1951, it was evident that the Quarterly could soon relinquish the bibliographic task which it had been performing since 1935. *Canadiana* now appears every two months, and is conveniently subdivided for easy reference. It is supplied free to all libraries in Canada and may be subscribed for at two dollars a year through the Queen's Printer, Ottawa. In place of the lists and for the convenience of readers of "Letters in Canada" who may want to buy books reviewed in the survey, we indicate the publisher, pagination, and price after the first reference to the title. Once more it has been necessary to divide the survey between the April and July issues: comments on French-Canadian and New-Canadian letters are to appear in July.

I would again express my thanks to all those who have contributed to this annual enterprise: to the publishers of Canadian books for their unfailing co-operation—recognizing that in the future the editor will have to be more selective in his requests for Canadian publications; to Miss M. J. Houston, Assistant Editor in the University Press, who has taken charge of the gathering and distribution of books; and to the authors of reviews who have undertaken to do this extra reading and writing at the most harassing time of the year for most of them.

Part I: Publications in English

I. POETRY

Northrop Frye

This year both of Canada's two leading poets have a new book to be discussed, and as one of them comes from Newfoundland and the other from British Columbia, there was never a neater opportunity of demonstrating the theory of cultural containment. I am inclined in any case to assert the existence of a Canadianism in Canadian poetry. Poets do not live on Mount Parnassus, but in their own environments, and Canada has made itself an environmental reality.

The United States is a symmetrical country: it presents a straight Atlantic coastline, and its culture was, up to about 1900, a culture of

the Atlantic seaboard, with a north-south frontier that moved westward until it reached the Pacific. Canada has almost no Atlantic seaboard, and a ship coming here from Europe moves, like a tiny Jonah entering an enormous whale, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where it is surrounded by five Canadian provinces, all out of sight, and then drifts up a vast waterway that reaches back past Edmonton. There would be nothing distinctive in Canadian culture at all if there were not some feeling for the immense searching distance, with the lines of communication extended to the absolute limit, which is a primary geographical fact about Canada and has no real counterpart elsewhere. The best paintings of Thomson and the Group of Seven have a horizon-focussed perspective, with a line of water or a break through the hills curving into the remotest background. In Emily Carr, too, the real focus of vision seems to be in the depth of the forest, *behind* the picture as it were. The same feeling for strained distance is in many Canadian poets and novelists—certainly in Grove—and it can hardly be an accident that the two most important Canadian thinkers to date, Edward Sapir and Harold Innis, have both been largely concerned with problems of communication.

Most of the poetry of E. J. Pratt, including *Brébeuf*, has been a kind of summing up of the first phase of Canadian poetic imagination. In that phase Canada appeared in a flat Mercator projection with a nightmarish Greenland, as a country of isolation and terror, and of the overwhelming of human values by an indifferent and wasteful nature. It was a part of the development of poetic Darwinism from Tennyson and Melville (whom a Canadian critic was the first to appreciate, and who has many links with Pratt) to Hardy and Conrad. Since *Brébeuf*, Pratt has shown an increasing interest in techniques of communication, an interest which may well go back to his early days as a student of psychology. In his fine poem *The Truant*, the David of human intelligibility confronts the stupid Goliath of nature, and in *Behind the Log* a network of wireless telegraphy, radar, and asdic contains the whole action of the poem. The theme of the epic act of communication in Canadian history, the linking of east and west by a great railway, was thus a logical one for Pratt to choose for his latest poem, *Towards the Last Spike* (Macmillan, viii, 53 pp., $2).

But while the choice of theme may have been easy, the theme itself is fantastically difficult. The poem is in the epic tradition, without any of the advantages of epic to sustain it. No narrative suspense is possible where the ground has all been surveyed; no heroic action can be isolated in so concentrated an act of social will:

> As individuals
> The men lost their identity; as groups,
> As gangs, they massed, divided, subdivided,
> Like numerals only.

The foresight and courage of Macdonald and Van Horne almost disappear in an intricate pattern of railway building, parliamentary strategy, industrial development, political unification, financing, and foreign and colonial policy. The real hero of the poem is a society's will to take intelligible form; the real quest is for physical and spiritual communication within that society. I have a notion that the technical problems involved in *Towards the Last Spike* are going to be central problems in the poetry of the future. And I think that the ingenuity with which these problems have been met would make the poem a historical landmark even for readers who disliked it as a poem.

In the first place, Pratt has here, as in *Behind the Log*, to give the sense of the energy of work as diffused through the whole action of the poem, with no real climax at the end. (Some of the younger writers mentioned below who are interested in the theory of "composition by field" may see an important aspect of it in this poem.) The driving of the last spike is technically a climax; imaginatively, it is an anti-climax. Strathcona has only one spike to drive in after the thousands that have preceded it, yet he fumbles it, and Van Horne has nothing to do but clear his throat and say "well done." The feeling of letdown after prodigious strain is part of the realization that men's work, like women's, is never done, and that the moment any act of social heroism is completed, it is absorbed into society and becomes part of new work.

In the second place, a poem of heroic action reminds us of the quest-poem, where a hero goes forth to kill a dragon. But here the real dragon to be killed is dead already: the obstacle is the torpor and inertia of unconscious nature, not an active or malignant enemy. Pratt's dragon,

> A hybrid that the myths might have conceived,
> But not delivered,

is a somnolent dragon, "asleep or dead," "too old for death, too old for life," who can resist only passively. The device of turning the azoic into the monstrous is, like all poetic devices that are any good, very old, and can be traced back at least to the *Odyssey*; but Pratt's carefully muted, unfaked description is profoundly contemporary, and has all the typically Canadian respect for geology in it. Like other dragons, this one guards a treasure hoard: there is again irony in the contrast between Macdonald's frantic efforts to get money out of the

clutching fists of bankers and the riches revealed by every dynamite blast on the line—"nickel, copper, silver and fool's gold"—and not only fool's gold either.

There would be much more to say about the poem if I had the space. There is the contrast between the desperate, quixotic, east-west reach from sea to sea which is the vision of Macdonald (Van Horne too, it is said, "loved to work on shadows"), and the practical, short-sighted vision of Blake, which sees the country realistically, as a divided series of northern extensions of the United States. (I don't know how true this is historically, but there is far too much accurate Canadian history now, and far too little accurate Canadian vision.) There is the portrait of Strathcona as a Canadian culture-hero, a combination of Paul Bunyan and Sam Slick,

> ripping the stalactites
> From his red beard, thawing his feet, and wringing
> Salt water from his mitts; but most of all
> He learned the art of making change.

Above all, Pratt is a poet unusually aware of the traditional connection between poetry and oratory. The memory of 1940, when human freedom had practically nothing left to fight with except Churchill's prose style, is clearly fresh in his mind. A Communist magazine has criticized *Towards the Last Spike* for seeing the theme entirely in terms of the leadership of Van Horne and Macdonald, ignoring the workers. Pratt's point, however, is not that workers are the slaves of great leaders, but that leaders are the slaves of great words. Marlowe's Tamburlaine might have died unknown if he had not happened to hear the phrase "To ride in triumph through Persepolis." Similarly, it is only when Blake can think of a menacing phrase like "To build a road over that sea of mountains" that the fate of Canada is really in danger. Besides, all forms of communication are closely linked to poetry in imaginative appeal, and in this nomadic culture people who cannot write poetry are dependent on poets to express their inarticulate sense of the link. I remember, years ago, standing on an Oxford railway platform and hearing the guard say "The train for the north of England," and suddenly feeling as though my stomach had turned upside down. Pratt is one of the few poets I know who can understand such a feeling:

> Intercolonial, the Canadian Southern,
> Dominion-Atlantic, the Great Western—names
> That caught a continental note and tried
> To answer it.

Many readers of poetry today are brought up, whether they realize

it or not, on Poe's dictum that a long poem is a contradiction in terms. For them, a Keats ode represents what poetry can do, and Shelley's *Revolt of Islam* what it cannot do. Hence they tend to examine poetry in terms of surface texture, and lose the faculty of appreciating the skill displayed in structure. Such an approach to *Towards the Last Spike*, where the surface is often as rough and forbidding as its theme, is much too myopic. An unfavourable judgment on such a line as "His personal pockets were not lined with pelf" should not set up an indicator of value in a poem which is so deliberately tough, gnarled, and cacophonous. With that warning, the reader may be safely left to discover for himself the unsuccessful images, the labouring of minor themes, the forced humour, and the dull stretches. The faults of the poem are obvious and commonplace; its virtues are subtle and remarkable.

What else is "distinctively Canadian"? Well, historically, a Canadian is an American who rejects the Revolution. Canada fought its civil war to establish its union first, and its wars of independence, which were fought against the United States and not Europe, came later. We should expect in Canada, therefore, a strong suspicion, not of the United States itself, but of the mercantilist Whiggery which won the Revolution and proceeded to squander the resources of a continent, being now engaged in squandering ours. There is in Canada, too, a traditional opposition to the two defects to which a revolutionary tradition is liable, a contempt for history and an impatience with law. The Canadian point of view is at once more conservative and more radical than Whiggery, closer both to aristocracy and to democracy than to oligarchy.

The title poem of Earle Birney's *Trial of a City and Other Verse* (Ryerson, 71 pp., $2.50) is described in its sub-title as "A Public Hearing into the Proposed Damnation of Vancouver." The time is the future, the setting the kind of pseudo-legal kangaroo court which is the main instrument of McCarthyism, as packed and framed as a shipment of pictures, where everything is conducted on the crazy Alice-in-Wonderland principle of sentence first, verdict afterwards. The blowing up of Vancouver has already been decided upon by a mysterious "office of the future," represented by a lawyer named Gabriel Powers. As this name indicates, the setting has for its larger background the ancient theme of wrath and mercy, of man's perpetual failure to justify his existence in the sight of the gods by his merits, a failure now brought to a crisis by his new techniques of self-destruction. Powers, therefore, who seems to be a messenger of the gods, is actually a projection of man's own death-wish.

The only one to speak for the defence is a Mr. Legion, who repre-

sents the ordinary Vancouver citizen. He has, understandably, a strong prejudice against being annihilated, but it proves more difficult than he expected to refute the case of the prosecution. The city seems to Captain Vancouver only the pollution of the virginal nature he remembers. To an Indian chief, who speaks for what is essentially an aristocratic point of view, the white man's city is an obscene disease that has devoured his own people. To Gassy Jack, a sailor and saloonkeeper of the early days, it represents a perversion of life far more sinister than his own relatively healthy vulgarity and vice. Finally William Langland, author of *Piers Plowman*, appears: in all English culture no better spokesman could have been found for the conservative-radical opposition to oligarchy mentioned above. He finds in Vancouver more or less what he found in medieval London: a society based on profiteering, or what he personified as Lady Meed.

The trouble with Legion is that he does not speak for the real Vancouver, but for the mercantilist Whiggery that has taken it over. His values and standards are precisely what is being condemned. He is the present as the inevitable consequence of the past, hence a future of annihilation is the inevitable consequence of *him*. At the crisis of the argument, he is suddenly pushed out of the way by a housewife. She stands for the real life of really free people, where the present is, at every moment, a new creation of meaning, of wonder, and of love. In such a conception of the present there is no causality, no inevitable future, no dead reckonings, and as she speaks the court begins to dissolve into unreality, even the imperious "Powers" being reduced to saying only "I'll have the skeleton."

I have emphasized the unity and seriousness of the theme because the brilliance of the writing may mislead one into regarding it only as a verbal stunt. It is true that for virtuosity of language there has never been anything like it in Canadian poetry. Gabriel Powers speaks in a *Finnegans Wake* doubletalk which, like *Finnegans Wake*, is both very funny and eerily haunting:

> From the ash of the fir springs the fire-weed;
> From the ask of his faring your fear.

A professor of geology speaks in the archaic rhythms of Anglo-Saxon, and Legion in what the Germans call *knittelvers*. Langland's speech is, of course, a reproduction of Langland: such phrases as "an ego to an auto" may be a trifle too sophisticated for him, but

> Yea, then I moved west to my hill's margin
> and saw a soft middleclass swaddled in trees,
> in unfrequented churches and fears not a few.

has exactly the right balance between parody and recreation. The play's wit puts it in the same league as E. E. Cummings and Auden; and as compared with Auden, it seems to me to have attained a crystalline transparency of thought. I imagine that the lines of the housewife:

> By all the past we know our freedom is renewable each moment

or

> How could I know, without the threat of death, I lived?

would in Auden be sagging with the weight of Heidegger's *Augenblick* and Kierkegaard's *Angst*. Birney's seriousness is simple (to the verge, on the last page, of being sentimental); it is only his wit that is erudite.

Wit is also prominent in the other poems in the book: it is in a poem about Christmas which describes how a star appeared as a "*nova* in *Virgo*"; in satires on censorship, on signs reading "restricted," on an ill-fated Mr. Chubb of Minnesota, and in an account of a plane trip across Canada, where, in spite of some excellent passages, some of the boredom of the trip seems to have leaked into the poem. The other poems are largely concerned with the immense trees and sinister mountains of British Columbia landscape, whose moods the poet knows well how to convey. A few gingerbread conceits ("the pacifist firs," "revolver sun," "the pointless point of the peak") are unfunctional, but do not spoil them. There is also a cryptic but very attractive exercise in myth, "St. Valentine is Past."

It is good to see Mr. Alfred Bailey's poems collected in *Border River* (Indian File no. 5; McClelland & Stewart, 61 pp., $2.50), and its appearance puts him into the first rank of Canadian poets. He writes usually in long assertive sentences, very close to prose in rhythm, but with the metrical features of the rhythm carefully marked. One gets the impression of a muttered crepitation of sound, a reticence of voice and thought that makes the reader strain for attention, as though the poet had his back turned. Professor Ross's remarks on the blurb mention the influences of Eliot and Dylan Thomas, which are there, but Eliot and Thomas are highly sensuous poets. Compared to them, reading Mr. Bailey is at first like walking over cinders. Accents stick spikily through the metrical feet; jarring rhymes and assonances turn up in the most disconcerting spots, and in two poems he pulls the last syllable of the line off its stem, like a child picking flowers. The forbidding landscape is not relieved by his fondness for the imagery of dry bones and dead trees, nor by a dense tangled diction that all too

often makes the reader stop and wonder what the hell he is talking about.

However, dry bones can harm no one, as Eliot would say, and the difficulties created by intelligence and honesty are always worth attacking. We discover with Mr. Bailey what we discover with all good poets who look obscure at first but turn out to be rewarding. The difficulties are primarily his, and only incidentally ours. He speaks of the poet as pursuing his truth through the labyrinths of appearance and reality, and the river of his title poem grows into a symbol of poetic imagination. Its reefs and shoals are like the barriers that convention and dogma try to impose on the searching intelligence of the poet; it twists and zigzags and seems to lose its way in a wilderness, but always it is going toward an infinite sea. There are religious overtones, especially in the last of the three sections, but it is a religious feeling in which the central virtue is hope rather than faith:

> There will be no world there when we are there,
> and no one to know, even the lone hand
> at the wheel
> whose face is caught in a tanned and wrinkled dream.

and as we grow accustomed to the style, we become sensitive to the skill with which rhythm and speed alter to fit the curves of the thought:

> Tread silently lest someone wake
> to sense the peace that passeth here.
> Handle the creaking hinge with fear
> and into the yard tread softly
> over by the chicken coop
> dig us a hole, say five feet and a bit.

I get very tired of the critical *cliché* that everything in poetry should be hard, concrete, and precise. That dogma was lugged in to rationalize the techniques of imagism thirty years ago, and it is time to realize that it is only one more formula, like the unities, designed to save critics the trouble of making independent judgments on poetry. It is quite possible to construct just as good poetry out of diffused, muzzy, and generalized language. Byron's "She walks in beauty like the night" is a very lovely poem, and it is a masterpiece of vagueness. Mr. Bailey's diction bristles with concreteness and precision, usually to its advantage, but I think he is equally good, and even more eloquent, when he relaxes into a more "romantic" rhetoric:

> there to grow strength of body, faith of mind,
> accustomed to the water's way
> and understanding of its kind
> there
> in the green sea day.

Of the shorter books, the best, I think, is Jay Macpherson's *Nineteen Poems* (Mallorca, Spain, Seizin Press, 9 pp.). Miss Macpherson is, at least outwardly, a traditionalist: she writes in tight resonant stanzas, usually quatrains, with an adroit use of classical mythology, and in a mood which is predominantly elegiac, though it can take in some fanciful humour too in the opening poem. It is a type of writing that has not been heard much in Canada since Louis MacKay forsook the chambers of the east. She seems to have the rhythmical structure of the whole poem clearly in her mind at the start, so that she can vary the length of the individual lines skilfully and subtly. In "The Comforted" two classical images, the thread of life spun by the Fates and the clue through the Cretan labyrinth, are identified; "The Oracular Head" mingles memories of Cassandra and Friar Bacon; and "The Ill Wind" is a kind of distilled ballad:

> To reply, in face of a bad season,
> Pestilential cold, malignity,
> To the ill wind weeping on my shoulder:
> "Child, what have I to do with thee?"
>
> Is to deny the infant head
> And the voice complaining tirelessly:
> "Is there room for one only under your cloak,
> Mother, may I creep inside and see?
> Did you not know my wicked will
> When you summoned me?"

Myra Lazechko-Haas is a new name to me, but she is obviously a practised writer, and *Viewpoint* (Ryerson, 12 pp., $1) is full of intelligence and a lively crackling humour. She is a visual poet; as long as there is something to catch her eye the imagery remains fresh-minted; but as soon as the context becomes more theoretical it droops into gray abstraction. This happens seldom, however, and the "Viewpoint" of her title-poem is one of breezy confidence:

> Granted the meek inherit earth,
> What would they do with it?

Mint and Willow (Ryerson, 12 pp., $1), by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton, and *A Few More Dawns* (Copp Clark, x, 50 pp., $1.75), by Vina Bruce Chilton, both maintain a level of competent poetizing, just good enough to keep one reading in the hope of finding something a little better. In the former a poem called "Persian Lesson" is the chief reward of the search; the latter is less interesting, but there are a few genuine phrases:

Only sunpools on the lake
Cause the battlements to shake.

It was a Plane (Ryerson, 12 pp., $1) by Tom Farley, is concerned chiefly with the air force in wartime, and the poet's knowledge of his subject gives his writing concreteness and authority, both in description and in mood, in spite of some ready-made poetic diction and a few lapses of taste. The first stanza of "Radar Tower" is the best writing in this part of his work. Actually I like the other poems better: they seem to have more freedom of movement and directness. His vision of a narcist middle-class female on a street-car ends with a most precise romantic parody:

and she sleeps through the sunlight
unshaken.
She will never awaken,
the lady with radiant hair.

Louis Dudek's contributions this year are spread over three volumes, each showing a perceptibly different aspect of his style. *Twenty-four Poems* (Toronto, Contact Press, iv, 24 pp., $1) evidently is a sequence of impressions, one for each hour of the day: at any rate the first poem is called "Dawn" and the twelfth "Noon." They are strongly pictorial in mood, full of colour, and at times are merely decorative pattern. One continually thinks of paintings: so, rather unfortunately, does Mr. Dudek himself, as it seems to me that an over-explicit reference to Klee injures an otherwise fine sonnet. There is nothing startlingly good in the sequence, yet one is always just on the point of calling him facile and being brought up short by something like:

Breath blown into a telephone:
    What ghosts are we
to tell each other how alone
    lovers can be?

The Searching Image (Ryerson, 12 pp., $1), on the whole, contains more serious poetry, some of it, though disappointingly little, on a level with the best of his earlier work in *Unit of Five* and *East of the City*. "Theme with Variations" is a series of vivid sketches of sunrise in a city, in a long swinging oracular rhythm, and there is a delicately elaborated conceit in the opening poem, "The Bee of Words." His favourite theme is the affinity between the creative powers of the mind and the vital energy that produces beautiful things in nature, particularly flowers:

Yet love may tell one who grows a plant
How a miraculous ignorance surrounds
Each living thing. . . .

He has more room to operate in *Cerberus* (Contact Press, 98 pp., $1), a collection of the work of three poets, Dudek, Irving Layton, and Raymond Souster, each of whom prefaces his poems with a manifesto. In deference to his colleagues, Mr. Dudek endeavours to recapture some of his earlier feeling for social problems, but it is clear from his manifesto that he is no longer in danger of confusing poetry with popular rhetoric. He realizes that the enemy of poetry is not social evil but slipshod language, the weasel words that betray the free mind: he realizes that to create requires an objective serenity beyond all intruding moral worries about atomic bombs and race prejudice. One sentence is particularly striking: "Actuality itself is a metaphor made of iron, the diseased poem which man has erected out of mass frustration, out of centuries of evil." Of the poet he says:

You will not learn from him of your danger,
you must fear a more mean and mechanical murder.

As long as he preserves this austere detachment, he writes at his best, but his hold on it is uncertain: "A Drunk on the Sidewalk," for instance, is a fine poem except for two silly lines at the end; "Suburban Prospect," on the other hand, keeps a dry irony all through.

Mr. Dudek's ideas are more advanced than those of his two collaborators, and so it is not surprising that he writes with more authority than they do. Mr. Layton's work includes a number of epigrammatic squibs on other writers, the best of them, I blushingly report, being aimed at me. He speaks of "the holy trinity Of sex revolution and poetry," and each of these is conceived as an explosion of creative energy against the inhibitions of prudery, exploitation, and philistinism respectively; a trinity more or less incarnate in Freud, Marx, and Whitman. The associating of the creative and the procreative functions, the tendency to talk about writing poetry instead of presenting it, and the conception of effective language as deriving from vocabulary rather than rhythm, are fallacies that get in the way of his militant writing. No other poem of his has anything like the quality of "To a Very Old Woman," where he forgets his self-consciousness and his mission and simply studies his poetic subject:

. . . your face is a halo of praise
That excludes nothing, not even Death.

Mr. Souster's vignettes of modern social life are done with much sincerity, and it would be a very hard-boiled critic who could read any

poem of his without sympathy for what has been attempted. But in great poetry there is no difference between form and content, whereas one feels in Mr. Souster that though the content is interesting and valuable, it could have been expressed just as well in many different ways. His poems consequently sound moralizing and prosaic, attempting to express their subject by the energy of direct statement alone. When he writes "To an Antisemite" and says:

> All the filth of you and your kind, dark rats
> Of The Big Terrible City, sick, tormented, afraid,

one feels that anti-Semitism, approached in that way, is beyond the reach of poetic utterance, just as hell is beyond the reach of charity. Mr. Souster seems to me an introspective poet, better at entering his own or others' minds than at describing or commenting on the social scene.

Another poet with some Canadian connections who appears again this year is Robert W. Service, now nearly eighty, who has been living in Europe. *Rhymes of a Rebel* (New York, Dodd Mead [McClelland & Stewart], x, 213 pp., $3) interests me chiefly because, since I began to make this survey, I have read so much verse in exactly the same idiom, and I wonder how far Mr. Service's earlier books may have influenced it. There was a time, fifty years ago, when Robert W. Service represented, with some accuracy, the general level of poetic experience in Canada, as far as the popular reader was concerned. The amount of good serious poetry produced in this country last year is evidence enough that, whatever querulous complaints may still be made about Canadian philistinism, there has been a prodigious, and, I should think, a permanent, change in public taste.

II. FICTION — CLAUDE T. BISSELL

In the whole range of Canadian fiction there are few novelists who make it their principal business to explore meticulously and reflectively the relations between a group of human beings. The assumption seems to be that the novel conceived as a prose narrative about human beings is not quite respectable, that it needs to be bolstered from other sources if it is to achieve substantial status and to have a "purpose" and a "point." This attitude is not, of course, peculiar to Canada. The novel has always been the most protean of literary forms. There have been, however, special reasons why this attitude should flourish here. For one reason, it has taken a long time for the human being to come into clear focus; until recently he has been dwarfed by the natural setting. This was not too serious for our poets, who could turn the

vast wilderness into a haunting symbol of beauty and power. But it was crippling to the novelist. A second reason is the popular philosophy that insists upon an immediate usefulness for all art. If novels are to be written at all, then they should be edifying or instructive. These are the reasons for the persistent dominance in Canada of two types of novel, the historical and the didactic, the first slaking our thirst for instruction, the second for edification.

Of these two kinds of novel the historical has long held the more favourable position in Canadian letters. Most of these novels are set in periods before the nineteenth century—the French régime, the wars between England and France, and the war between Britain and the United States. In these periods we have a magnificent march of events, an epic geographical sweep, and a colourful *dramatis personae* firmly fixed in the popular imagination—the voyageur, the explorer, the Jesuit priest, the soldier of fortune, the loyalist, and the revolutionary. There have been relatively few ventures into nineteenth-century Canadian history, especially into the history of the settled east. It is not difficult to see why. The clash of empires was succeeded by peaceful settlement, and revolutionary ideologies gave way to sober, constitutional concern with questions of political status. Political discussions, it is true, could be intense and could erupt in violence. But, on the whole, these were not days that beckoned the historical novelist, unless he were willing to sacrifice the colourful trappings of his art and attempt a serious period piece. Isabelle Hughes, who has written two novels about contemporary Toronto, now attempts in *Lorena Telforth* (London, Peter Davies [British Book Service], 256 pp., $3) such a serious period piece, and, still using a Toronto setting, goes back a hundred years or so into the thirties of the last century. The results are not happy. Isabelle Hughes tries very hard to graft the political controversies of the day onto her characters. The heroine is an advanced feminist, reared in polite English society, who marries a respectable colonial merchant from Toronto, and then falls in love with her husband's young ward, an eloquent disciple of William Lyon Mackenzie. But the history and the fictional invention keep falling apart. It may be that nineteenth-century Canadian politics, with their strongly legalistic bias, are repugnant to the creative imagination, or it may be that what the material really needs is a measure of realism and satire, and not the romantic touch in the manner of Daphne du Maurier. Mr. C. E. L'Ami, the other representative of the historical school, does not have to worry about scarcity of historical material, or about the absence of dramatic clashes. His novel, *The Green Madonna* (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 302 pp., $4),

is set in fifteenth-century England. He uses a lavish background of political and religious unrest to which he adds generous illustration of the sports and customs of the age. Historical novelists who write about such a comfortably removed and exotic period have many advantages. They have available to them conventions of plot and character that facilitate the establishment of rapport with their readers. Mr. L'Ami is not a writer to disappoint the reader's expectations. Virtue and villainy are of the purest quality, and mysterious birth, dark intrigue, and heroic action are zealously interwoven. A more individual note is the introduction of a good deal of serious discussion on religious matters. Indeed, the church is the dark power in the novel. It utilizes a philosophy of death and self-denial to entrench itself and to restrain the natural desires of man for beauty and pleasure. *The Green Madonna* is based on much solid research, is ingeniously put together, and is related in a prose of unflagging vigour.

Among Canadian writers the didactic novel is even more popular than the historical novel. The didactic novel does not easily yield to precise definition, but this may be sufficiently clarifying: the selection by the novelist of a political, social, or moral issue that occupies a prominent place in the public mind, with the assumption of a fixed and determined point of view, and an arrangement of characters and situation so as to provide a triumphant demonstration of the soundness of that point of view. Didacticism may occur in solutions of varying strength. It may range all the way from a vigorous button-holing of the reader to indirect suggestion. Didacticism is not in itself a sign of literary weakness: much depends upon whether the exhortations come from a mind that is alert and vigorous or from one that is narrow and merely intense. All too often it is the latter kind of mind that is responsible for didactic novels.

It would be difficult to find a more depressingly bad example of the didactic novel than John Jordan's *The Younger Ones* (New York, Pageant Press [McClelland & Stewart], vi, 217 pp., $3.75). Jordan has commendable intentions. He wants to illustrate how French and English can live together harmoniously, and in this he is following where others have obtained notable success. But what he does is to join a stereotyped story of courtship with long conversational pieces that read like a pamphlet prepared for a youth discussion group. Mr. Jordan leaves no stone unturned if he suspects that there is a *cliché* underneath.

Didacticism in the Canadian novel has frequently dwelt in easiest association with the regional novel about the rural community. Marian Keith has worked this vein ceaselessly for years and in *Lilacs in the*

Dooryard (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 256 pp., $3.75) she has emerged with some familiar ore. She is not, like Mr. Jordan, a propagandist. She writes about a farm community in Georgian Bay and of the part played in the life of the district by a young couple who have returned to an ancestral home. The husband is a minister recovering from a wound sustained when he was an Air Force padre in the Second World War. Having set his mind on a life of spiritual and physical adventure on the Canadian frontier, he is depressed by his forced inactivity and the simple monotony of the life that he must lead. But, finding unexpected opportunities for his labours, he is gradually reconciled to his fate. Miss Keith presides with sweet benignity over her characters, not the least of whom is a dog of remarkable sagacity. *The Penningtons* (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 1951, 284 pp., $3.75), a first novel by Basil Partridge, has some qualities similar to those found in *Lilacs in the Dooryard*: it is a book of nostalgic regionalism and its burden is the pleasures and pains of domestic life. Although Mr. Partridge works on a spacious canvas, he does not lose his eye for detail. The Penningtons are a large family and we follow the fortunes of each: the father, devoted, self-denying, dean of a cathedral in a small town in the Maritimes; the mother, sharp-tongued, embittered by years of respectable poverty, yet loyally devoted to her husband and her family; and their six children, ranging in age from eleven to thirty-two. Mr. Partridge has searched his own memory with devout assiduity, and has reconstructed a chronicle of family life just beyond the turn of the century. But he is not content with simply recording the domestic events, even though within the space of two years they include three romances, three marriages, and a sudden death. He introduces a problem and pronounces a solemn solution. One of the sons goes to Montreal, falls in love with a French-Canadian Catholic and marries her. At first the family is shattered by this blow, but, by learning the lesson of tolerance and understanding, they regain their sense of solidarity.

The two remaining didactic novels—and they are clearly the best in the group—do not in any obvious way belong together. Outside of their vaguely minatory titles, *Least of All Saints* (McClelland & Stewart, xviii, 302 pp., $4) and *Dark Passions Subdue* (New York, Dodd, Mead [McClelland & Stewart], viii, 296 pp., $3.75), they would seem indeed to have little in common. Miss Irwin, the author of the first novel, would find Douglas Sanderson, the author of the second, a particularly revolting example of a flippant and cynical modernism against which her hero sets himself. Mr. Sanderson, who obviously dislikes fundamentalism in religion as much as Miss Irwin

likes it, would, I fear, find *Least of All Saints* a highly irritating book, or, at very best, an unconsciously funny one. And yet the two novels issue from a similar concern. They are both written by people with vigorous minds who are also moralists interested in the nature of sin and salvation.

Miss Irwin's book places the emphasis on salvation. Her hero is a young man who has a family background of wealth and Methodist devoutness, both of which have been eroded by war and scepticism. The time is the early twenties, and the hero, Andrew Connington, has returned to Toronto after a year in the trenches followed by a few years with the League of Nations. Andrew is now marking time, reluctant to enter the family business, supremely confident of himself as a man with a well-trained mind and a cool, detached attitude toward life. One Sunday night he wanders into a church service; although the sermon is perfunctory and platitudinous, and the congregation is made up of the senile and the bored, he finds himself arrested by some of the biblical phrases that fall from the lips of the preacher. Gradually a resolution forms in his mind to enter the ministry. The church demands what it has hitherto not received from its servants: artistry, intelligence, and some kind of conviction. He, Andrew Connington, can offer all three. His sceptical uncle is shocked and mortified by Andrew's decision, but he persists in his resolve. Miss Irwin is not giving us simply a case of vulgar hypocrisy, nor is she analysing a rogue who is exploiting with calculated coolness his own personal gifts. Connington is not an active unbeliever, not really a sceptic. In his secret soul he does not deny the truth of Christian belief; he merely recognizes the existence of an area of doubt. At Victoria College, where he pursues his theological studies, he reacts sharply against the popular liberalism. Theologians who embrace the theory of evolution and the higher criticism are, he thinks, victims of their own moral and intellectual softness. Fundamentalism commends itself not only to faith, but to honest scholarship. Miss Irwin tries to convince us that he is, however, deficient in conviction, and to this end presents three scenes where his faith proves inadequate and he suffers torments of self-accusation. But Connington is never far from salvation. All he needs is gentle pressure from outside; and this is provided by the girl of charm and simple piety with whom he falls in love. My criticism of the argument is that there is no really crucial shift from the realm of nature to the realm of grace. This book is not an exposition of religious strategy; it is a footnote about religious tactics.

Least of All Saints is, then, basically a religious tract. As one might expect in a book of this kind, most of the characters are simply general

qualities attached to speeches. The women, in particular, have been cut out of slightly old-fashioned magazines. Sonya, the temptress, surely belongs to the early cinema and not, by any stretch of the imagination, to the Toronto fast set. Cecily is the wholesome girl who radiates sweetness and light. Where the book comes alive is in the pages of satiric comment. As a tough-minded and well-informed fundamentalist, Miss Irwin has some shrewd and telling observations to make about the polite progressivism and the unctuous moral uplift that pass in fashionable Protestant churches for religion.

Miss Irwin keeps her distance from the sea of human depravity. Mr. Sanderson plunges boldly in. I cannot recall a Canadian novel that boasts such a sensationally depraved gallery of characters—an elderly religious fanatic, a middle-aged nymphomaniac, and a group of young people, several of whom have reached advanced stages of dypsomania, and most of whom suffer from some form of sexual abnormality. Torontonians, who have received Miss Irwin's novel with enthusiasm, will be relieved (and perhaps not surprised) to find that the background of *Dark Passions Subdue* is contemporary Montreal. Mr. Sanderson is not a crude sensationalist. His affinities are not with the novel of shock and violence, but with a kind of sophisticated novel now flourishing in England. (He is, by the way, an Englishman who has been in Canada only since the Second World War.) It is significant that in the library of his hero are "the books of Huxley, Waugh, Ronald Firbank, Cyril Connolly, Christopher Isherwood, and the rest of the *quarantaine dorée*." Like these writers—and to the list we might have added Angus Wilson and Graham Greene—Mr. Sanderson is engrossed by the terrible drama of sensuality and by the spectacle of human damnation. But, unlike at least a few of his English prototypes, he can offer no key to salvation. Religion, at least in its Protestant form, is certainly not the answer. Indeed, there is no more unlovely character in the novel than the hero's father, a devout man endlessly struggling with sin, who has left upon his son's face "traces of a quite devastating Calvinism."

The weakness of this book is of a very different kind from the weakness in *Least of All Saints*. Mr. Sanderson is terribly disturbed by what he finds in society, particularly in Canadian society, and he interlards the narrative with damning generalizations delivered with a confident air of finality. The book cries out for some resolution, but gives us none. It ends indecisively, with the hero as spiritually foot-loose as ever. The reader feels cheated, as if he had been shown all the horrors of hell and given no hint of heaven.

The dust-cover emphasizes the infelicity of the title by describing

the book as "a story of a guilty attachment." This presumably refers to homosexuality which, superficially, is the subject of the novel. But the reader need not be either attracted or repulsed by the treatment of homosexuality. Mr. Sanderson has managed to make his eccentrics and perverts understandable and deserving of our sympathy. He is a clever and facile writer, and his prose is swift-moving and euphonious. It is to be hoped that these considerable talents are more effectively exhibited in his next novel.

Although the didactic and the historical novel are both greatly favoured by second- and third-rate writers, neither type is foredoomed to inferiority. Both may, for instance, be greatly superior to the novel of adventure or to the novel of domestic romance—two other types that have flourished in Canada. For these novels usually rely for their interest on the piling up of events, and a series of events can be equally tedious whether it unrolls in the North-West Territories or in the drawing-room and boudoir. *Dumb Spirit* (London, Arthur Barker [McClelland & Stewart], 224 pp., $2.50) by Doris Hedges and *Mine Own Content* (McClelland & Stewart, viii, 248 pp., $3) by Margerie Scott, both of which favour the latter terrain, are routine inventions in the popular field of the domestic romance. (Doris Hedges makes a startling bid for novelty by having the story unfold itself through the eyes of a dog, no ordinary, shaggy dog, but the reincarnation of a young man killed during the war!) As so often in this survey, Mazo de la Roche easily establishes her pre-eminence in the field of domestic romance, this time in a relatively slight book, *A Boy in the House* (Macmillan, iv, 124 pp., $1.75). She has a craftsman's skill in selection and emphasis that writers like Doris Hedges and Margerie Scott conspicuously lack. Miss de la Roche is not interested in history, nor in the perplexing problems of mankind. Indeed, she is not greatly interested in the ordinary race of men. Her Whiteoaks belong to a self-perpetuating aristocracy, and what happens to any one of them always partakes of the bizarre and the romantic. *A Boy in the House* is not a Jalna novel, but it has the same self-contained, isolated, romantic background. A writer rents part of a secluded house in the country, presumably in southern Ontario. His fellow inmates are two elderly sisters, one a faded beauty who has been too haughty to accept any suitor and the other a widow who married unwisely and against the wishes of a tyrannical father. They adopt a young boy. He is an attractive youngster, who still lives, however, in the shadow of his sordid home in the London slums. Artfully he plays upon the tension that already exists between the two sisters and precipitates a night of violence and murder. I suspect that Miss de la Roche wanted to

make *A Boy in the House* a psychological study, something akin to a Jamesian tale of innocence and evil. The main focus is on the boy, and she demonstrates here the felicitous veracity that has always attended her treatment of the very young. But she is primarily a writer who deals in surfaces and glancing impressions, and the novel is more successful as romance than as psychological study.

In the opening sentence of this survey I referred to the scarcity in our literature of novelists who "explore meticulously and reflectively the relations between a group of human beings." These are the novelists who write the classic works of fiction. They may draw upon history; more likely than not they make reflections on society and morals; but the history, the social and philosophical reflection emerge out of a primary concern with the human predicament.

In Canada the short story has often provided the best medium for this kind of fiction. In the short story the writer has no opportunity to build an elaborate framework: either he must work to a strict formula, as in the story for the slick magazine, or he must concentrate on a single human situation. Some of our best fictional writing is to be found in the short story, much of it buried in the files of periodicals like the *Canadian Forum*, and in the various little magazines that appear and disappear from time to time. For many writers, the radio has displaced the periodical as a vehicle for stories, for the very good reason that the C.B.C. (in addition to having some programme directors with trained literary tastes) is able to pay. Thus, any anthologist of the contemporary Canadian short story would have to explore the files of the C.B.C. Helen James and Robert Weaver, who were in the first place responsible for the choice of stories for broadcast, have done precisely that, and in *Canadian Short Stories* (Oxford, viii, 248 pp., $3.50) have provided an addition to the corpus of good Canadian creative writing. Along with this volume we can group, with slightly less assurance, Hugh Garner's volume *The Yellow Sweater and Other Stories* (Collins, 238 pp., $3), two of which also appear in the James and Weaver collection. In these stories Mr. Garner establishes authoritatively the atmosphere of unpretentious toughness that helped to make his war novel, *Storm Below*, a memorable book. I agree with Mr. Garner in his choice of his three favourite stories in the book—"One-Two-Three Little Indians," "The Yellow Sweater," and "The Conversion of Willie Heaps": each has the mark of honest and perceptive observation given a careful artistic form. What strikes me about Mr. Garner's stories, and about the majority of the stories in the other volume, is the uniformity of tone. They could all be described as sadistic probings into human frailty or as accounts of ironic disillusionment.

Whether this be looked upon as tonic realism or as flabby degeneracy, there is no cause for drawing conclusions from these stories about the national temper. In this, Canadian writers are very much like their contemporaries in the United States and Europe who have forsworn the piling up of naturalistic detail (now a little old-fashioned) for descents into the agony of the human soul. Only two of the contributors do not take us into this genteel torture chamber. Roger Lemelin's "The Stations of the Cross" is a delicious piece of humorous irony; and Ethel Wilson's "Mrs. Golightly and the First Convention" is told with a casual charm that conceals its art. Ethel Wilson is also the author of *The Equations of Love* (Macmillan, vi, 281 pp., $2.75), one of the two novels of the year that show convincingly a "meticulous and reflective concern with the relations between a group of human beings." The second novel is Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley* (New York, Henry Holt [Clarke, Irwin], 373 pp., $4.50).

In some ways, *The Equations of Love* is not the kind of book that would be expected from Ethel Wilson. *Hetty Dorval* and *The Innocent Traveller*, her two previous novels, had established her as an individual and skilful writer who wrote with an easy fluent grace that is not often found in Canadian prose. In her work, style and subject-matter seemed to be closely linked together; and hitherto she had always written about relatively sophisticated middle-class life. Now Ethel Wilson, without sacrificing her grace, her wit, or her fluency, leads us through the desert of loneliness, frustration, and despair where so many of the poor and of the lower middle class stretch out their lives. Her characters are all subdued to their lot; in so far as they have a spiritual life, it is circumscribed by the movies, the newspaper, the popular magazine, and their own dreams of vulgar affluence. You will find no people here, writes Miss Wilson in a rather uncharacteristically direct comment on the world she has created, "who are aware of the poignant communications of sky and birds and conscious of forest and mountain," or who see "around or beyond the changeable male or female human form and its appearance and peculiar requirements."

This book is made up of two novelettes, the first called "Tuesday and Wednesday," and the second, "Lilly's Story." Outside of the similarity in tone, the two have no close connections. Indeed in many respects they provide a sharp contrast. "Tuesday and Wednesday" is rigidly compressed in time and place; it occupies two days in the lives of a group of people living in a shabby boarding-house district in Vancouver. "Lilly's Story," on the other hand, stretches out in a discursive, episodic way much in the manner of *The Innocent Traveller*, with which, indeed, it has one or two minor links in setting and char-

acter. It begins in Vancouver, moves out into Nanaimo, Vancouver Island, and the Fraser Valley, and then slides to a gentle, ironic conclusion in Toronto.

"Tuesday and Wednesday" gives us the last two days in the life of Mortimer Johnson, a genial ne'er-do-well. Mortimer's wife, Myrtle, is a thin, querulous woman, with a few faded charms, whose soul is consumed by warring passions. To her, Mortimer is alternatively a noble and considerate husband engaged in business enterprises of a large and vaguely impressive nature, and an inconsiderate and selfish husband who fritters away his time with disreputable friends. Even in death, Mortimer remains simply a convenient symbol to which Myrtle can attach the violent images of her own mind: at first, he is a drunken bum who has blundered stupidly into death; when, however, she hears a sympathetic account of how he came to his end, he becomes a selfless hero.

"Lilly's Story" is the case history of Lilly Waller, who is a child of the slums and the unwanted offspring of a broken home. Apparently doomed to a life of dreary amorality, she suddenly undergoes, after the birth of her illegitimate child, a moral transformation. Henceforth, in a stolid, determined way, reminiscent of George Moore's Esther Waters, she resolves, at all cost, to win the badge of respectability. We leave her at the end of the story about to marry a prosperous, middle-class widower, and assured of her daughter's triumphant entrance into a world of ample means and easy manners.

Although Ethel Wilson has no urgent message to convey to us, and although, at no point in the book, does she indulge in general observations on the state of society, she leaves us, nevertheless, with something more than a series of impressions. She gives depth and meaning to the two stories by the adroit handling of point of view, a technical device in which she has already shown herself adept. The point of view here preserves a nice balance between sympathetic identification and ironic objectivity. We see her people from inside and we view them from outside. The two novelettes become to the reader studies in the various protective poses assumed by the insecure—in part pathetically transparent disguises, in part sustaining illusions. There is no need to search for further meaning, unless, indeed, one finds in "Tuesday and Wednesday" an illustration of the casual concatenation of events, and in "Lilly's Story," an illustration of the triumph of instinctive will and purpose over circumstances. Herein is the strength of a non-didactic novelist like Ethel Wilson: her stories exist in and for themselves as charming and complete works of art; in addition they provide, for curious and probing readers, a series of "meanings."

Ethel Wilson's two novelettes are accomplished and delightful, but they are not major works. She has still to demonstrate her power to sustain a full-length novel (*Hetty Dorval* was, after all, little more than a novelette, and *The Innocent Traveller* was fragmentary and discursive). Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley,* on the other hand, is, in my opinion, a major work: a full-length novel in which a single intense vision welds the parts into a whole.

It may be argued that technically Mr. Buckler's success is achieved on a comparatively simple level. This is a novel of education and, like most novels of this kind, it is, one suspects, strongly autobiographical. The form of the novel of education is predetermined; the character of the protagonist and the course of the action are as rigidly prescribed as they are in a fairy-tale. The hero must be sensitive, at odds with his immediate environment, finally pushed to active rebellion. The novel must proceed chronologically in an orderly progression from childhood to adulthood. Up to a point Mr. Buckler follows the prescription. We accompany his hero, David Canaan, younger son of a farming family in Nova Scotia, from early boyhood to death. Buckler picks out clusters of events that occur at various stages in David's development and works them into separate sections, arranged chronologically. But—and this constitutes Mr. Buckler's originality—he manages to triumph over the tyranny of linear time. The introduction of a prologue and an epilogue, each of which deals with the final day in the life of the hero, is a device that helps to break down the simple, temporal sequence. But what is far more effective is the use that Buckler makes of the character of the grandmother. She is, as it were, a still point in the jumble of events, a sort of eternal present who ranges back and forth in memory so that past and present become to her, and then to the reader, almost indistinguishable. She is constantly weaving a rug from clothes long since discarded by members of the family. And this rug, with its multiple strands and its associations with past events and people, becomes a symbol of the power of human relations to withstand the gnawing of time.

If Mr. Buckler escapes from the simple, chronological type of narrative in novels of education, he escapes also from the usual psychological pattern. Up to a point the resemblances to the pattern are strong. His hero is sensitive and precocious. He is also an artist struggling in his obscure way to forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race. He becomes obsessed with the need to capture in words the exact shade of feeling and emotion. His family lies beyond the world of imagination and feeling in which he has his being. His father and mother and his older brother are hopelessly wedded to

ancestral ways and to the crude, monotonously repeated phrases that serve among them for human communication. The community, moreover, is primitive and unprogressive, and David can find no strong allies among his daily associates. Here, then, is the familiar conflict that we find in a score of novels about the spiritual growth of sensitive young men. Here is the human bondage in which the hero finds himself, and which, in the concluding chapters, he triumphantly casts off. But Buckler, although he gives to David his moments of passionate rebellion, is not interested in such a simple, dramatic reversal. He is in search of a subtler conflict.

The Mountain and the Valley is a study of human relations as they work themselves out in a family, separated by deep personal differences and yet united by love and affection. Joseph, the father, is a man of simple integrity and kindness. Between him and his wife, Martha, there is an understanding no less strong for being unexpressed. With them "speech broke rather than forged the quiet contact." The older son, Chris, is a replica of his father: strong, forthright, and inarticulate. David is, of course, the member of the family set apart, as is, in a lesser way, his twin sister Ann, shy and pretty, to whom David is peculiarly attached. David's parents and older brother, puzzled by and even resentful of his finer speech and thoughts, nevertheless see in him a being greater than themselves. His intellectual eminence becomes to them a source of family pride. Buckler, then, is not proclaiming, as so many novelists of this century have done, the sacred necessity for rebellion, nor is he making an austere religion of human isolation. This is a study in the power of the group, in the way in which human beings, living in separate worlds, are yet made one with each other. This is not to say that *The Mountain and the Valley* is a novel about idyllic, rural life. Buckler knows that human affection and love are delicately poised, and that if the balance is disturbed they explode with violence and tragedy. This is what happens in *The Mountain and the Valley*, and it is told with a realism that, by the standards of the Canadian novel, is fierce and unrelenting.

This is a novel that is written with intensity and with painstaking care. Like his hero, Buckler has tried to say things exactly. He is striving to avoid the generalized phrase, the easy *cliché*, the long and sonorous sentence, and to make each word a servant of his vision. At times there is straining and pretentiousness, and there is certainly little humour. It is a measure of Buckler's strength that he cannot easily be fitted into any of the usual critical categories. For felicity in natural description and in the depiction of rural life one thinks of W. O. Mitchell's *Who Has Seen the Wind*. (Incidentally, Mitchell is

one of a group to whom Buckler dedicates his book.) For intensity in the analysis of feeling and of thought one thinks of Sinclair Ross's *As for Me and My House* or one or two of Morley Callaghan's novels. But speculations like these are merely a literary game. What is important is that *The Mountain and the Valley* is a fine Canadian novel, in many respects the best that has been written in this country. One hopes that this is the first of many novels that Ernest Buckler will write.

Novelists like Ethel Wilson and Ernest Buckler have no need to wave flags or to wrap themselves up in the heavy robes of history. Their novels spring out of an intense realization of a human predicament, and everything else grows naturally and inevitably from that. One notices that neither Miss Wilson nor Mr. Buckler spends time erecting a framework of reference. We do not find pages about the historical and social background of Vancouver and the Nova Scotia valleys. They take their Canadian material for granted and then proceed to talk about the streets of Vancouver and the countryside of Nova Scotia as if they were, as indeed they are, rich material for the creative artist. There is nothing self-conscious and assertive about their use of the local scene. They happen to know Vancouver and Nova Scotia and the people who live there; and this constitutes for them sufficient reason for writing about them. What I find distressing is that this commanding use of Canadian material has not been able to give either writer a national reading public. Ethel Wilson, I suspect, is widely read in British Columbia but does not penetrate seriously the best-seller lists of Toronto. Buckler has been enthusiastically received in the United States, but I am not aware of any reception, cordial or otherwise, that he has been given in his own country. The great threat to our cultural life is not that it will be swamped by an uncritical nationalism, but that it will dwindle into little, stagnant pools of provincialism.

III. DRAMA — VINCENT TOVELL

Everyone interested in Canadian writing must by now be familiar with the varied talents of Robertson Davies. Since 1947, his record reads: four published play volumes, two collections of informal essays, and a novel—all this in addition to extensive editorial duties and activities as a theatrical producer and director.

A Masque of Aesop (Clarke, Irwin, vi, 47 pp., $2) is Mr. Davies' most recent play, written originally to be done by the boys in the Preparatory School of Upper Canada College. It has now been published in an attractive edition decorated by Grant MacDonald. In this quite short play, Mr. Davies argues—once again—that the

greatest teacher is he who passes through scorn of mankind to love of mankind. We see an urbane Apollo judge the reviled Aesop before his detractors—a pleasant excuse for a series of satiric topical comments and fanciful interludes that give scope for all sorts of colourful and amusing stage business.

Very few writers in Canada have as sure a sense of the comic as Mr. Davies or as much theatrical imagination. These talents alone would distinguish him, but he adds to them a felicity of speech that he puts to better use with each new play. *A Masque of Aesop* is perhaps his happiest invention to date; it gives the director and the actors (who might quite well be adults, by the way) great scope for fun and fantasy, and it should, I imagine, please many audiences.

Our "mystery-comedy" this year is *Woman Called X* (Franklin, Ohio, Eldridge, 95 pp.) by Maurice Corbett, three full acts about the love-lorn column of a city paper. You can obtain it in a paper-bound acting edition—if you wish. There's also a three-act dramatic poem on our list, *Seven Caesars' Ransoms* (New York, Exposition Press [Saunders], 149 pp., $3.25) by Munro MacLennan, a story of love and politics in fifth-century Rome. Mr. MacLennan's verse often has grace and skill, but this hardly compensates for what seems to me a rigid, academic quality, in this particular work. Though the characters speak well-turned speeches, they lack a pulse. For all the historical knowledge and understanding and the obvious literary ability reflected in *Seven Caesars' Ransoms*, it is hard to imagine that it could command and hold attention on the stage.

IV. SOCIAL STUDIES — ALEXANDER BRADY

The principal social studies of the year are in the fields of biography and history, and our starting-point may be two biographies which aroused among the public unusual interest: *John A. Macdonald, the Young Politician* by Donald Creighton (Macmillan, xii, 524 pp., $5.75) and *The Incredible Canadian* by Bruce Hutchison (Longmans, Green, x, 454 pp., $5). The "incredible Canadian," it may be added, is the late William Lyon Mackenzie King.

In *John A. Macdonald* Professor Creighton presents the first of the two volumes which on completion will constitute a distinguished achievement in Canadian historical writing. Nearly sixty years ago Sir Joseph Pope, literary executor and close friend, published the *Memoirs of Sir John A. Macdonald*, and to the present day his volumes have been the main quarry for information on one of Canada's most engaging and important political figures. Professor Creighton

happily decided that the time was ripe for a fresh assessment of the man and his achievement, for in the Public Archives the massive collection of the Macdonald Papers was available, numerous other manuscript sources on both sides of the Atlantic had recently become accessible, and the lapse of sixty years since Macdonald laid down the reins gave adequate perspective. The author pursued his research with the thoroughness that marked his earlier work, and the present volume, which brings Macdonald's life down to 1867, is the result. Here there is no striving for sensational effect, no shrinking from the presentation of necessary facts, and no telescoping of developments in order to simplify the story. The author adheres strictly to his aim of bringing out all the valid and miscellaneous information that reveals the man, the politician, and the political evolution of the country. The pace of this biography, written on such a generous scale, may in some pages of the early chapters appear slow. Yet one can hardly claim that there is anywhere an unrewarding paragraph, and that is a genuine test. The many facts are pertinent to the author's purpose. The environment and the politician are inseparable, as also are the personality and the politician. Professor Creighton is ever anxious to show the intimate relationship between them all, and he succeeds. His treatment of other men on the political stage may not always win agreement. Some reviewers, for example, have complained that on George Brown his comments are needlessly harsh, yet it is evident that he strove to be fair to the dour proprietor of the *Globe*, and his appraisal has much support in the known facts. The life of Macdonald is inevitably a history of Canada, and in Professor Creighton's pages it is history written with genuine distinction.

Different in character is *The Incredible Canadian*, with its subtitle "a candid portrait of Mackenzie King, his works, his times, and his nation." It is not the achievement of an historian who seeks to rest conclusions upon the toilsome sifting of many documents, but presents the impressions of an alert journalist whose task for many years has been to observe and comment upon Canadian affairs and politicians, including in the past Mackenzie King. In this fact are inherent the strength and weakness of the book. It is concrete and lively. It is also profuse in sweeping generalizations, and sensational (or intended to be) in political disclosures. Throughout, Mr. Hutchison has no wish to convey a wrong impression, for in the Foreword he notes that he does not pretend to write a complete study of King and is not equipped to do so. He is mainly concerned to offer impressions and express opinions, based upon the information which a working journalist close to the scene will pick up, especially in con-

versations with those familiar with the facts, such as political colleagues of King and public servants. His performance is singularly uneven. He begins badly with some paragraphs of almost meaningless rhetoric, and throughout the book one encounters stereotyped phrases worked to death. Yet, on the other hand, there are many pages of clear and vivid writing, with that concern for verbal economy characteristic of the best journalism. In judging events and assessing character there are instances of disturbing exaggeration. But there are also cases of a sober and convincing judgment. The portrait of King as a person is mainly unflattering: "the paramount egotist of his time," the "unconscious snob," "the most successful spinster of his age." But high tribute is paid to the shrewdness of the politician and the intuition of the statesman. King's political success is attributed to good luck combined with certain qualities in the man: a profound belief in himself, a sure instinct as to the tactic most effective in a difficult situation, a genius for confusing issues with political gain to himself, a callous readiness to cut throats when necessary, and not least of all a facility in voicing humanitarian platitudes for ready consumption by the electorate.

Many generalizations in this book are difficult to accept. The author, for reasons not clearly disclosed, arrives at the conclusion concerning King that "by now we can see that he was our greatest revolutionary." Of King's principal book he writes that "*Industry and Humanity*, now that we can place it beside the career of its writer, tells us more about modern Canadian history than any other document." On the basis of this work he strangely finds a resemblance between King and Martin Luther. His reasons for these singular views on *Industry and Humanity* are clear enough but unconvincing. Throughout the biography there is much else that is doubtful, much that is provocative, and much also that is interesting. The author's racy accounts of political elections are always entertaining, but one does not find any deep probing of the issues below the surface. The one portion of this book likely to be of enduring value is the portrait of King's somewhat enigmatic personality.

Knowledge of the cultural history of Canada is deepened by two comprehensive studies of institutions federated in the University of Toronto: *A History of Victoria University*, written by Professor C. B. Sissons (University of Toronto Press, xii, 346 pp., $5), and *A History of the University of Trinity College, Toronto 1852-1952*, edited by Mr. T. A. Reed (University of Toronto Press, xii, 313 pp., $3.50). Both are rich in content on the genesis and development of the two institutions. Inevitably, like most college histories, they contain much

miscellaneous data about staff and students in former times that will appeal only to those who are alumni or who for one reason or another have a special interest. Many a college anecdote is thus conceded the dignity of print, and the memory of many a college personality is preserved. But light is shed, especially in the volume by Professor Sissons, on wider and more important matters. Victoria College could have made no happier choice for its historian than the sage scholar who wrote the two invaluable volumes on Egerton Ryerson. Steeped in the annals of Canadian Methodism, Professor Sissons places with skill and understanding the story of Victoria in the epic struggle for the equal treatment of religious bodies within the state. In the colonies of the early nineteenth century the churches took a major interest in higher education, partly because of their concern for the adequate training of a ministry and partly because the state then shrank from the obligation of providing a higher education. Great officials at first were prone to grant a privileged position to the Church of England, the established church of the motherland, and against the recognition of any such special status the Methodists manfully struggled. The history of Victoria College illustrates that contest, and thus Professor Sissons not merely revives college memories but illuminates a significant phase in the evolution of Canadian democracy.

Both volumes are informative upon the attempt that began in 1892 and still continues to reconcile the contending claims of church and state in higher instruction through the federation of sectarian colleges with a non-sectarian university. Here again Professor Sissons brings out some special features of the federal story. He shows how recently through the Senate in particular the diverse thinking of a large academic community, constituted of different colleges, finds expression and thus helps to protect the values for which a university should stand. We may even wish that in some matters a fuller treatment had been given of the federal experiment. To what extent and in what way, one may ask, have Victoria and Trinity preserved their distinct traditions in the larger family of the University of Toronto? It is evident enough from these histories, especially that of Victoria, that there is an interesting answer, and it might have been provided in somewhat more detail.

Culture in a different and harsher environment is the theme of Fred W. Rowe, *The History of Education in Newfoundland* (Ryerson, x, 147 pp., $3). The provision of schooling in Newfoundland has a distinct structure, the product in turn of special circumstances and a peculiar history: it is neither strictly state nor strictly denominational. In the colonial past religious bodies had established the majority of

schools, which continue to be operated by them today. But the province now votes the money which sustains most of the cost, and spends it through a provincial department wherein the principal religious bodies are represented. In contrast to the main Canadian tradition, no local bodies in Newfoundland are permitted to levy educational taxes except in the form of small fees. No local school, although it may be operated by a religious body, can refuse to register a child whatever its religious persuasion, nor may religious instruction be given to any child if its parents object. The state seeks to guarantee education for every child, but leaves to churches a responsibility in providing it. Dr. Rowe's book deals merely with the historical background to this peculiar régime, and briefly he tells a revealing story of the grim difficulties faced by early Newfoundlanders in obtaining any education at all. For generations the island was viewed in British policy simply as a base for the fisheries, and in the interest of the companies engaged in the fishing trade permanent settlement was discouraged. Nevertheless settlements, scattered and isolated, grew up along a lonely coast, with inadequate or no provision for either religious or secular instruction. Church bodies ultimately pioneered in providing both, and from this circumstance grew the present alliance of church and state in the provision of education.

Canada: Nation and Neighbour by Professor Arthur R. M. Lower (Ryerson, vii, 202 pp., $4) is not a history of Canada's relations with the external world, but, in the words of its author, "an attempt to describe the ground out of which grows the opinion that sooner or later determines policy." This task of providing a background for an understanding of Canadian external relations and policy involves a discussion of such factors as geography and nationalism, the influence of the United States, the outlook of the French community, the diverse strains of thought in the English-speaking society, and the impact of federalism on Canadian attitudes. Any book by an historian so alert to ideas is certain to be interesting, and this slim volume fulfils its promise. Much of it deals with imponderables, and the author yields readily to the temptation to generalize about them in a free and challenging manner. But it is not surprising that the reader will sometimes find himself disagreeing; honest agreement on imponderables is seldom easy to achieve. The brief treatment of the geographic factors is skilful, as might be expected from a scholar who has always been acute in recognizing geographic influences. He aptly illustrates how Canada has been broken into regions by geographic barriers, especially by the Appalachians and the Canadian Shield; it is "a series of islands of settlement, separated by rock, forest and huge lakes." But in the

middle of the twentieth century it is certainly odd to find this country described as "remote from most of the rest of the world." More reasonably one may conclude that in the present age much of its international significance is owing to close proximity to such great centres of population and power as the United States and Western Europe, not to mention Russia, its neighbour across the polar wastes. Argentine, Australia, and South Africa may be regarded as remote, but hardly Canada, as Professor Lower himself by implication elsewhere in the volume indicates.

One may also question some generalizations on another theme that much interests the author: the influence of religious and denominational attachment upon political attitudes. Surely it is too categorical to say that "Anglicanism has by its very nature been an anti-national force in Canadian life; it has, until recent years, never been able to see itself as other than what its official name indicates—the Church of England in Canada." He has a point, but he overstates it, and hardly recognizes that the Anglican has usually quite a respectable conception of the Canadian nation, although it may not be identical with Professor Lower's. Likewise he exaggerates the influence of Protestants from Northern Ireland in fostering an intolerance towards Roman Catholics, unmindful in this context of George Brown (no Ulster man) and his *Globe*, and unmindful also of the deep anti-Catholic tradition in the Puritanism of both Britain and America. Belfast with its environs cannot, alas, bear all or even most of the blame for an intolerant Protestantism. The book contains other generalizations no less likely to provoke some Canadians to a strong dissent, but this fact detracts little from its merits. We are confident that it will stir readers to think and often to protest.

Too few Canadian cities have adequate histories, although in recent years, with books on Halifax and Quebec by Thomas Raddall and Mazo de la Roche respectively, efforts are being made to remedy the lack. James A. Roy, formerly Professor of English in Queen's University, adds to the number with his *Kingston, the King's Town* (McClelland & Stewart, xx, 364 pp., $7.50). Professor Roy is a Scot who lived in Kingston for thirty years and became a sedulous student of its landmarks, mores, characters, and general history. In easy prose he describes local events, portrays local personalities, depicts social environment, and to some extent attempts to assess the effect on Kingston of national developments. The historian might easily get lost in a hurried sketch of the numerous figures who at different times have played a part in Kingston's long life or participated in action on its site—La Salle, Frontenac, Simcoe, Strachan, Sydenham, Bagot, John

A. Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie, Oliver Mowat, and a host of others with lesser standing in Canadian annals. Professor Roy does not become lost either in this phase of his theme or in treatment of incidents, although admittedly in his very varied mosaic there are pages which are not likely to interest other than enthusiastic Kingstonians.

There are two works which do not lend themselves readily to a review in a survey such as this, for they primarily provide source material. One such is the *Cumberland House Journals and Inland Journal, 1775-82, First Series, 1775-79*, edited by E. E. Rich and A. M. Johnson, with an introduction by Professor Richard Glover of the University of Manitoba (London: Hudson's Bay Record Society, 1951, xcvi, 382 pp.). This handsome and well-edited volume is sponsored by the Hudson's Bay Record Society, and contributes a rich quota to the ever accumulating mass of printed matter on the fur trade. Of much wider and more human interest is the volume published by the Champlain Society in its distinguished series: Father François Du Creux, *The History of Canada or New France*, II. The work is translated and provided with an introduction by Percy C. Robinson and edited with notes by James B. Conacher (Champlain Society, viii, 775 pp.).

Two studies on phases of English history by Canadians appeared in the year. The most important is the second volume in Professor B. Wilkinson's *Constitutional History of Medieval England, 1216-1399* (Longmans, Green, viii, 340 pp., $4.50). Volume I had dealt with politics and the constitution, 1216-1307. The present volume deals with the same theme for the years 1307-99. It contains a compact introduction of eighty-four pages wherein the significant developments of the era are closely analysed, followed by selected documents for which there are also introductions along with numerous explanatory footnotes. The whole work is an impressive concentration of learning, treating a period where the terrain is very difficult and the pitfalls for an unwary student are many. Professor Wilkinson treads his way with consummate skill and yet with due modesty.

The years in English history, 1307-99, witnessed two allied and significant developments: the establishment of a tradition of limited monarchy, and the slow growth of a self-conscious parliament in which lords and commons were seeking and finding a mode of co-operation. Over western Europe the trend was towards monarchical absolutism, and thus there was perceptible in the political development of England that divergence from Europe which duly resulted in the distinct parliamentary state of modern Britain. What was the reason

for the divergence? English history scarcely raises a more challenging question. Professor Wilkinson is conscious of it throughout, although for the period that he treats he attempts no final answer. But he draws attention to factors which help towards an answer, and it is evident (to the embarrassment of historical simplifiers) that the reasons are many and often complex. No one indeed can be dogmatic about the explanation. Undoubtedly important was the insular position which helped England to fight most of her wars on foreign soil and "enabled her people to profit by the needs of the ruler rather than be dependent upon his strength." Her insularity also helped her economy to create sturdy middle classes in shire and city not unduly dependent upon the national monarch or the territorial aristocracy. But the theme on which Professor Wilkinson most concentrates is the delicate balancing of power between the king, the magnates, and the commons which gave to the limited monarchy and parliament of England its peculiar character in the later Middle Ages. The nature of the balance often depended simply upon the personalities of individuals and most of all the monarch. Hence the assiduous attention which the author of this volume gives to the personal qualities of Edward II, Edward III, and Richard II. Profound social forces were shaping the constitution, but in the very nature of the situation the capacity, and often the incapacity, of the king was crucial in determining the course of development. The history of every country is unique. In this volume Professor Wilkinson illustrates what helped to create the political uniqueness of England in one of its most formative centuries.

The other work on a phase of English history is a brief and readable monograph entitled the *Saints in Politics: The "Clapham Sect" and the Growth of Freedom* by Dr. E. M. Howse (University of Toronto Press, xvi, 215 pp., $5). As the title suggests, this book does not examine the religious ideas of the famous Clapham group of Evangelicals, but describes their reforming zeal and practical achievements. It provides much biographical information about the leading figures of the so-called sect, with special emphasis inevitably upon William Wilberforce, his consuming fervour, and his struggle against the slave trade and slavery. The Claphamites were not merely emotional reformers but voluminous writers (indeed for them writing was a vehicle of reform), and hence their main ideas, fastidious prejudices, and manifold activities have long been familiar to students of British history in the early nineteenth century. Dr. Howse may shed little fresh light upon them, but he gives an entertaining account of the group as a whole, which will be welcome not merely to students but to members of the general public.

There are few books in the year within the specific field of economics. Of these perhaps the chief is Dr. D. A. MacGibbon's *The Canadian Grain Trade, 1931-1951* (University of Toronto Press, x, 227 pp., $4.50). It is a sequel to the author's *The Canadian Grain Trade* (1932), which traced development from the genesis of the wheat trade in New France to its remarkable expansion and prosperity in the twenties of the present century. Both books combine an historical and analytical treatment, with much emphasis upon the structure and functioning of the elaborate organization under the influence of economic and political forces. The present treatise deals with the subject in two very critical decades, when profound changes occurred under the compulsion of harsh circumstances within and outside Canada. In the early thirties there was a rapid collapse in the price of wheat which shook the Western economy to its foundations and had acute effects on the remainder of Canadian industry and trade. In the five-year period 1925-9, the average price had been 141.7 cents per bushel; in the years 1930-4 it dropped to 66 cents. The low prices of the early thirties were followed by low average yields in the subsequent years. In 1937 the wheat crop in large areas of the West was a complete failure, the average yield per acre being the lowest since Canada became an important producer of wheat. The simple result of this fact was that the distress of the depression era was extended by crop failures. With the coming of the Second World War and especially with the German conquests of 1940, Canada lost her markets in western Europe, and in her terminal elevators the wheat crops accumulated into unprecedented carryovers from year to year. Even the conclusion of the Second World War did not bring release from the uncertainties of markets. These disurbing situations inevitably introduced state intervention in the wheat trade, for the national interest was deeply involved in its stability, and in any case the persistent electoral power of the West drove governments in Ottawa to action. Such was the sequence of events that Dr. MacGibbon can remark in his conclusion: "The marketing of wheat, the principal export crop, is now completely under the control of the Dominion Government. The open market for wheat has disappeared."

Throughout this book there is a sober, objective treatment of the subject, without special pleading for ready solutions of the difficult problems present. Some readers may wish a bolder directive on policy; however, Dr. MacGibbon's concern is not to prescribe directives, but to analyse and trace relationships. His book will be invaluable for those who do attempt to formulate policies.

Professor P. H. Casselman of the University of Ottawa in *The Co-*

operative Movement and Some of Its Problems (New York, Philosophical Library, xiv, 178 pp., $3) presents, not a description of co-operative institutions, but an analysis of the peculiar problems that must be faced in any attempt to achieve the goals of consumers' co-operation. In individual chapters he treats such themes as the organization of co-operative enterprise, education in the movement, co-operatives and the state, co-operatives and labour, co-operatives and socialism, and co-operatives and taxation. Naturally the ten chapters of this brief book cannot traverse all the many details of the subject, but they thoughtfully raise most of the cardinal questions involved. Eleven pages of bibliography are included, from which, oddly, the standard works of Professor C. R. Fay are missing.

In conclusion one may note the final work of the late Professor Harold Innis, *Changing Concepts of Time* (University of Toronto Press, viii, 142 pp., $3), which left the press shortly after his death. It consists of five papers and essays which had appeared in recent years but were revised for inclusion in the present volume. These essays deal with broad issues of civilization, especially as related to the media for communicating ideas, such as the modern press. They are marked throughout by a wide-ranging and penetrating mind, and their appearance accentuates the irreparable loss which social study in Canada suffered in the death of Harold Innis.

V. BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND OTHER WRITINGS — THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

1. *Biography, Autobiography, and Reminiscence* — THE EDITOR

Biographies of two prime ministers of Canada have been noticed in the previous section, on Scholarship in the Social Sciences. The only other biographical study to be reviewed is *The Scalpel, the Sword: The Story of Dr. Norman Bethune* by Ted Allan and Sydney Gordon (Boston, Little, Brown [McClelland & Stewart], xvi, 336 pp., $5). The writers of this story assure us that Dr. Bethune, who died in 1939 while serving with the Chinese Communists in the war against the Japanese, is still revered as a hero by half a billion people—a larger claim than can be made for any Canadian prime minister.

Norman Bethune was a missionary by heredity and temperamentally a non-conformist. His mother had been a missionary; his father was a Presbyterian minister who had given up a business career to enter the church, being persuaded to that course by his future wife. Their son received his medical training in Toronto, served in the First World War, studied surgery in England, and after a spell as a doctor in Detroit and another as a patient in a sanatorium for consumptives, settled

in Montreal in 1929 and became a specialist in the new thoracic surgery by which his own life had been saved. But it was soon evident that he could no more conform to the economic ideas of his prosperous colleagues than to the religious beliefs of his parents. In the depression he became an advocate of socialized medicine. When he attended a scientific congress in Leningrad he was persuaded that medical resources were better used in Russia than in Canada. After the Spanish Civil War broke out, when the Republicans were in urgent need of doctors, he gave up his practice in Montreal and headed a Canadian unit which brought surgery and modern blood transfusion to the battlefront. On his return to Canada he joined the Communist party and volunteered to serve with the guerillas in northern China. For over a year and a half he endured the hardships of the campaign, performing marvels with inadequate supplies and makeshift equipment until his death late in 1939. He had been, for his cause, a devoted medical missionary.

The Scalpel, the Sword is certainly no ordinary work of political hagiography. Dr. Bethune emerges as a curious and remarkable personality, flamboyant and eccentric, attractive yet not easy to get on with (he was married and divorced twice by the same woman), sincerely devoted to the service of the poor and suffering, and impelled to fulfil the course of his strange destiny which seemed to lead naturally from the manse in Gravenhurst, Ontario, to the marble tomb in East Shansi. The narrative is evidently based on diaries, letters, published articles, and the testimony of friends. One of the authors, Mr. Allan, was with Dr. Bethune in Spain. In the Preface, Mme. Sun Yat-Sen has written enthusiastically of his work in China.

Of autobiographies, the most remarkable, in spite of the uninviting secondary title, is *Alice Ravenhill: The Memoirs of an Educational Pioneer* (Dent, 1951, xii, 241 pp., $4). In the first place, Miss Ravenhill was ninety-two years of age when she finished this book, yet she writes with a beautiful clarity and ease of manner that would be noteworthy in a person much younger and with much more experience of authorship. She was born in England of a prosperous middle-class family that could afford the usual amenities of a comfortable establishment, foreign travel, and "good" schools for the children. Her account of the studies and the weekly routine at the school at Richmond is a particularly interesting minor document on Victorian education. Her reference to how her parents broke off her engagement three days before the date set for the wedding and the later dismay of her father when she wanted to become a nurse may remind us of the conflict between other Victorian parents and their intelligent daugh-

ters—though in this case there was no lapse of affection or respect on either side. But ideas on nursing had changed since Miss Nightingale fought her battles with her parents and the War Office. Among Miss Ravenhill's acquaintances were several members of the royal family, including Princess Christian who was a tireless advocate of schools for the training of nurses, remembering always how when her father, the Prince Consort, was dying of typhoid fever, his only attendants were a valet and herself, an untrained girl. So eventually Miss Ravenhill was allowed when she was over thirty to begin her course for the National Health Diploma and then embark upon a career that included lecturing before groups all over the country on hygiene and home nursing, a period as secretary of the Royal British Nurses Association, and a share in the inauguration of a degree course in Household Science at the University of London where she lectured until her emigration to British Columbia with a brother and sister in 1910. Her experience brought her in contact with all classes of society, from Grimsby fishwives to cabinet ministers and royal ladies. Many late Victorian and Edwardian worthies appear briefly in her story. Perhaps inevitably, the chapters on her life after 1910 are less interesting; by contrast with Edwardian England, British Columbia seems like a very remote and shallow backwater. Yet Miss Ravenhill has had several careers since then, including that of an advocate for the preservation of Indian culture on which, in her seventies and eighties, she became an authority. Altogether, here is a story, admirably told, of a long and rich life.

The life-story which C. L. Burton has recorded, *A Sense of Urgency: Memoirs of a Canadian Merchant* (Clarke, Irwin, x, 363 pp., $4.50), is both more simple and more characteristic of our continent than Miss Ravenhill's. It is principally the story of success in business, of how the son of a village storekeeper became the president of Simpson's. Of his qualities, Mr. Burton believes the most important were, first, "a sense of urgency," which used to be called aggressiveness, or the impulse to discover and take advantage of opportunities, and, second, a desire to learn. The office boy wanted to understand bookkeeping; the successful travelling salesman in the Canadian west was sure that he could turn his experience to advantage as a buyer in Europe; the new executive assistant at Simpson's spent months in each operational division to find out how the organization worked. The outsider who knows nothing about business may be most interested in the revelations, partial and discreet as they are, of the alliances, rivalries, suspicions, and sudden crises which enliven the career of the business executive. The years when Sir Joseph Flavelle, who held

two-thirds of the common stock, was established in the executive office were especially uneasy. But Mr. Burton's book (which, incidentally, is an appropriately handsome item of merchandise) is not merely about a business career and related activities on the Board of Trade and the Toronto Industrial Commission. He writes ingenuously and attractively about his family and friends, his experiences in social service, and his long and continuing association with the small Protestant denomination to which his parents belonged.

Pelham Edgar's unfinished autobiography, *Across my Path* (Ryerson, xiv, 167 pp., $4) is unusual in design in that it was planned to include much more than the story of a life. Most of the personal narrative is in the first four chapters where Professor Edgar writes of his family and his formal education among the prosperous Toronto gentry in that different world of the nineteenth century, of his several visits to Britain and Europe, the first in 1905, and of an expedition up the Nile in 1908. Before these dates he had begun teaching at Victoria College. Contemporary English literature was his main interest, and he relates with most satisfaction his meetings with Edwardian men of letters. "At Maxses lunch my nearest neighbours were Prothero, Courtney, Strachey, and Newbolt, and we spent a pleasant half hour talking about George Meredith." Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and a pride of lesser lions crossed the path of the hunter. One curious revelation is that, after a party at the Meynells', Ezra Pound asked him for a job at Victoria College. These literary associations must have been immensely stimulating to a Canadian academic, especially to an interpreter of contemporary literature who had the Jamesian capacity for profiting by seemingly slight occasions. Even in these early chapters, reminiscence is supplemented by literary appraisal; in the middle chapters on Duncan Scott, Charles Roberts, E. J. Pratt, and other Canadian writers whom he knew and greatly admired literary appreciation is much more emphasized. Toward the end of the volume appear four previously published essays, the ones on Yeats and Hardy illustrating his formal manner in literary criticism. Throughout the book, but especially in the earlier chapters, we are reminded not only of a personality but of the more leisurely and cultivated age of Pater, Meredith, and James where Pelham Edgar was most at home. As Northrop Frye observes in his Editor's Introduction: "He saw the professor transformed from the guardian of leisure-class wisdom into a harried employee of a culture-processing factory." But there is no evidence to show that Professor Edgar was so sadly transformed.

Under the heading of Reminiscence, brief mention should be made of B. J. Banfill's *Labrador Nurse* (Ryerson, vi, 218 pp., $4) and John

Coburn's *Grace, Grit, and Gumption* (Ryerson, x, 181 pp., $3.25). Miss Banfill records her experience as a nurse in charge of a Grenfell Mission hospital (there was no doctor) during two one-year periods, in 1928-9 and 1942-3. She gives a clear and sometimes vivid impression of a fishing village and some of its characters, of her usual duties and occasional crises, and notes how a few of the hardships of life on that bleak coast were mitigated by the time of her second visit. Mr. Coburn's book, which is a kind of supplement to his *I Kept My Powder Dry* (1950), is a collection of anecdotes of his early years as a Methodist probationer and preacher in Ontario villages and in Toronto: he supervised the construction of a new church, harassed by a lax building committee and an untrustworthy contractor; he and two helpers tried in vain to rescue a drug addict—etc. These parochial victories and discomfitures of over forty years ago which the author relates with amused satisfaction will be of most interest to readers of a similar background who remember with pleasure those remote days. Miss Banfill's village seems, and is, much closer to our age.

I would also mention briefly another work of reminiscence which is fearfully representative of our age, Nicholas Prychodko's *One of the Fifteen Million* (Dent, vi, 169 pp., $2.75). He is a Ukrainian who taught at Kiev University, was arrested in 1938, and after repeated interrogations and beatings became one of the millions behind barbed wire, in a labour camp in Siberia. This is a terrible story of three years in hell; yet one act of compassion, or rather two, vary the record of systematic terror and brutality: first a sentinel before the Kremlin and then President Kalinin listened to the plea of Mr. Prychodko's mother and his sentence was reduced. The story ends with the arrival of the first German troops in his Ukrainian village, while the streets were lined with people cheering their supposed liberators.

2. *Literary and Critical Studies* — THE EDITOR AND OTHERS

Of the volumes which come under this sub-heading, at least four are to be reviewed separately in later numbers of the QUARTERLY: *English Character and the English Literary Tradition* by Malcolm Wallace, *Studies in Honour of Gilbert Norwood* edited by Mary White, *The Celestial Cycle* by Watson Kirkconnell, and *Whitehead's Theory of Reality* by A. H. Johnson. *Selected Odes of Horace*, translated into English verse by Skuli Johnson, will be reviewed in Part II.

Creative Writing in Canada (Ryerson, x, 220 pp., $4) by Professor Desmond Pacey of the University of New Brunswick was composed as a counterpart to J. K. Ewers's *Creative Writing in Australia* and is described on the dust-jacket as the first comprehensive history of

English-Canadian literature in a quarter of a century. As one would expect, it indicates changes from the older evaluations, for example, of the poets born in the sixties. Carman and Roberts have long been in decline, but now even Lampman who held his place longer than any of his generation seems less impressive to Mr. Pacey than he did to E. K. Brown only ten years ago. Yet Carman's "Low Tide on Grand Pré" is called "the most nearly perfect poem to come out of Canada." There will be no general agreement about that estimate, but it will remind us again that on our white savannahs the highest elevations, like the "mountains" in Montreal and Hamilton, are pleasant features of the landscape though somewhat less than awe-inspiring. The recorder of our literary scene has not only to keep to a local scale of measurement with only occasional references to foreign standards ("When there was a Dickens or a Whitman to be listened to, how should a Kirby or a Carman make his voice heard?"), but will have more than ordinary difficulties with perspective. In spite of the early dates cited on the first pages of our literary histories, a large proportion of Canadian writing of significance is recent or contemporary writing. About 40 per cent of the authors to whom Mr. Pacey devotes two pages or more are still living. I do not wish to suggest that this distribution is a mistake; indeed, one excellent feature of his comprehensive and judicious survey is the sense for scale and proportion. One does miss, perhaps, the usual and almost statutory chapter on the peculiar situation of Canada in its cultural relation to Great Britain and France and to the United States, our regional and national divisions, etc. However, the inquiring Australian who has not heard of these matters can learn all about us by means of the extensive bibliography at the end of the book.

Professor H. G. Robertson of Victoria College has contributed the following review of *The Harmony of Aeschylus* (Clarke, Irwin, vi, 130 pp., $3) by the late Professor E. T. Owen.

This is an important contribution to the interpretation of Greek tragedy, in which the writer had been deeply interested for many years. He had published articles on phases of the subject in this journal and had been working at what would have been a full-scale study of Aeschylean tragedy. Fortunately the work was sufficiently advanced to enable his son to edit and publish a volume which has every appearance of being a set of finished essays. Owen's general principles of interpretation are made clear and the plots of the seven plays are subjected to his sensitive and penetrating criticism. Nothing appears to have remained for the editor's attention but further clarification of details.

An Aeschylean tragedy is essentially an act of religious ritual, its

immediate purpose being to influence events by words. "The rational basis of the choral rite was the belief in the efficacy, the living power, of the spoken word." There is also the ultimate purpose of winning the favour of heaven for the good of the community and bringing the spiritual order to bear on the temporal order. Since these two purposes are pursued together, it follows that the legends dramatized are used to symbolize some of the deeper issues of life and to set forth Aeschylus' thought about God and man and the ultimate harmony of the universe. "He takes these old stories of sorrowful and terrible events and shows the slow shaping through them of a prosperous and beneficent issue. The chorus in the given play sing their hymns with a view to their immediate situation. . . . But one can hear another greater purpose which underneath is guiding their utterance and so shaping events to the far-off divine event, which when it comes reveals the whole as a carefully designed harmony." "We see the hand and will of the spiritual forces that are shaping the destiny not just of these people but of the world."

Any valid criticism of Aeschylus must be based upon these considerations and these considerations also explain certain features of his drama which appear irrelevant and undramatic to modern readers. To ask whether one of his plays would be successful on the modern stage, to look for characterization, for modern dramatic values, for the interplay of character and action, may be interesting for the student, but will not help him to see the essentials of Aeschylus' artistry.

For this review of *Sparta* (Cambridge, University Press [Macmillan], viii, 348 pp., $6.75) by H. Michell, the editor is indebted to Professor W. P. Wallace of University College.

Professor Michell, Professor Emeritus of Political Economy in McMaster University, was the author, a dozen years ago, of a useful volume called *The Economics of Ancient Greece*. The present work collects, in a similarly topical (rather than historical) way, what is known about ancient Sparta—about the people and their constitution, their way of life, their peculiar institutions, and their military organization. At the beginning and at the end are brief chapters on the early and on the later history of the state; of its history in the classical period there is no connected account.

Sparta was an extraordinary state which has excited both real admiration and amused bewilderment from antiquity to the present day. A few thousand citizens lived like a military camp in the midst of a fertile and populous plain. For the two most exciting centuries in Greek history they forwent all the pleasures of civilization and most of the satisfactions of family life in a successful attempt to suppress

their subjects and dominate their neighbours by brute force. There was no place among the Spartans for individual initiative; they produced no poets, artists, philosophers or historians, so that even the ancients knew comparatively little about them.

It is a difficult and complicated task to deal with the numerous problems presented by our very inadequate accounts of the institutions of this curious people, and it would be hardly fair to complain that Professor Michell has few new solutions. But the book presents no new general view of Sparta, and the problems are handled timidly, with a caution which has disastrous effects upon the style, for example: "It is not impossible, however, to arrive at tolerably satisfactory conclusions . . . which, while not positively definitive, at least are so likely as to admit of not too serious doubts about their accuracy." The difficulties are not slurred over, but neither are they dealt with energetically. The author often says which of various current views he prefers, but seldom gives in detail the reasons for his preference. Thus he collects much of the strong evidence for the use of iron money at Sparta, remarks upon the iron mines of Laconia and the fact that no silver coins were struck there until three hundred years after they had become common in Greece, and then, apparently on purely general grounds, calls the iron money a legend.

In short the evidence is assembled rather than weighed, and the reader feels in addition certain general discomforts: all dates are treated as equally certain, many statements are left general which have limited application, and behind the phrasing one often senses an anachronistic point of view. Thus the Spartan assembly is referred to as the "Lower House," and the power of the administration to ignore it shows that "only a shadow of parliamentary procedure was preserved in Sparta"—in the sixth century B.C.!

The volume is attractive and well printed; such slips as Mothene for Methone, Chalcicicos for Chalcioecos, Alexandridas for Anaxandridas, Heracleum for Heraeum, etc., can hardly be counted among the few misprints. In general actual errors are few, and the book as a whole may give readers who are not specialists a reasonably full survey of what is known of Sparta; if it does not remove the difficulties, it at least indicates their existence.

Mr. W. S. Wallace, Librarian of the University, has written the first of the following notes, Mr. M. T. Wilson of Trinity College the second.

Miss Tremaine's *A Bibliography of Canadian Imprints, 1751-1800* (University of Toronto Press, xxviii, 705 pp., $10) is a magnificent piece of work. Nothing like it has been achieved previously in the field

of Canadian bibliography. Not only has it been compiled with the utmost amplitude of detail, with the fullest bibliographical notes, and with an indication of where each item may be found (if a copy has been located), but Miss Tremaine has made the most exhaustive search for the imprints she lists, and she has brought to light many items which have been hitherto unknown to students. To any student working on the first half-century of British rule in Canada, her book will be a godsend.

Anyone who is interested in Canadian music will find the *Catalogue of Canadian Composers* edited by Helmut Kallmann (Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, 254 pp., $3.50) a very useful volume. It contains a great variety of lists and statistical tables, and the centre of the volume is a biographical section which lists the works of 356 Canadian composers from the end of the seventeenth century to the present and gives a short account of their lives. The C.B.C. deserves considerable credit for making this information available.

3. *Books on Religion* — W. S. McCULLOUGH

The Lost Churches of China (Philadelphia, Westminster Press [Ryerson], 237 pp., $4) by L. M. Outerbridge, a United Church minister who has served as a missionary in China, must be described as an altogether excellent book. It chronicles the history of the Christians in China from the Nestorians to our own times, and describes the reasons for the five expulsions which Christianity has experienced in 1300 years. It is adequately documented and, in so far as the present reviewer can judge, it appears to be well informed. The modern period is dealt with in chapters VI and VII, entitled respectively "Christianity's Contribution in the Republic" and "Christendom's Unwitting Contribution to Communism." The author offers some sharp criticism of the missionary methods and objectives of the churches, and in his conclusion he observes: "The Church that fails to heed the warning of the lost Churches of China will itself meet a similar fate in time."

John H. Hobart, who since 1947 has been associated with the American Friends Service Committee, writes his spiritual autobiography in *Quaker by Convincement* (New York, David McKay [Musson], xii, 227 pp., $4). The author was born in England where he spent his early life as a "birthright" member of the Society of Friends. But in the process of growing up and being educated, as a pharmacist, his religious faith largely disappeared, and when he came to Canada in 1925 he had few spiritual moorings. He did, however, find friends among the Quakers of Toronto and later among those of

Montreal, but it was not until 1935 when he read Eddington's *Science and the Unseen World* that he began to recover his "Quakerism." By this is meant a personal and mystical type of religion: "the seed of God" is in every man, and as man meets "the spirit that is eternal" he finds "his true affinity with the past, his quiet confidence and strength in the present, and his hope and faith for the future." Such a religious Odyssey is familiar enough in man's experience, and this book, therefore, although written in sincerity, would appear to break little new ground, while the author's bias against creeds and theology betrays a lack of appreciation of the value of these things in the life of the church as a whole.

Mental Affliction and Church Law (University of Ottawa Press, xii, 220 pp., $4) by the Rev. R. Colin Pickett summarizes the law of the Roman Catholic Church with respect to insane and mentally deficient persons. It is intended, particularly, to be of interest and assistance to priests who have to dispense the sacraments to those thus afflicted. It commences by presenting Roman law relevant to the insane, and then turns to the pronouncements of the Church. The latter, in the second half of the book, are examined in detail in a "canonical commentary." The work, whose bibliography runs to eleven pages, is fully documented, and would seem to be a definitive treatment of its subject.

Religion, Science, and the Modern World (Ryerson, vi, 66 pp., $2 cloth, $1.50 paper) by the former principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Dr. R. C. Wallace, comprises the Chancellor's Lectures delivered there in 1951. The four chapter headings indicate the character and scope of this thoughtful little book: "Religion and the Physical World"; "Religion and the Biological World"; "Religion and Education"; "Religion and the Modern World."

The Heritage of Western Culture (Ryerson, x, 117 pp., $2.50 cloth, $2 paper), edited by Professor R. C. Chalmers, is a volume of seven essays, most of which were originally prepared for a report presented to the 1950 General Council of the United Church of Canada (issued as *The Church and the Secular World*; reviewed in the QUARTERLY, April, 1951, p. 306). The papers, now published in their original form (in some cases enlarged), and with one new contribution, come from Principal W. C. Graham and Professors Mary E. White, K. H. Cousland, R. C. Chalmers, J. A. Irving, and N. Frye, and present an historical survey of European culture with particular attention to the part that Christian ideas have played in its development.

Five books of sermons offer a varied but generally good fare. The most polished, *Joyous Adventure* (Clarke, Irwin, 192 pp., $2.50), is

by Professor David A. MacLennan of the Yale Divinity School, but a close second is Dr. Ian Burnett's *Lord of All Life* (Clarke, Irwin, xii, 205 pp., $2.50). A well-known radio preacher, Dr. E. M. Aitken of Hamilton, presents thirteen talks in *A World in Waiting* (Ryerson, viii, 87 pp., $2.50 cloth, $2 paper), and Dr. C. H. Dickinson offers several sermons for Passion Week in *Seven Days and the Seven Words* (Ryerson, viii, 54 pp., $2 cloth, $1.50 paper). Dr. Archer Wallace, a popular writer of religious and other stories, has fifty-two short messages for troubled people in *The Autograph of God* (Ryerson, viii, 87 pp., $2.50 cloth, $2 paper).

Major Arnold Brown, in *What Hath God Wrought?* (Salvation Army Printing and Publishing House, xii, 132, x pp.), gives the history of the Salvation Army in Canada from 1882 until 1914. Their work began obscurely in London, Ontario, and for two years was under the direction of the Army's headquarters in New York. In 1884 the activities in Canada were placed under a Canadian Commissioner, and two years later the Toronto Temple and Territorial Headquarters (still located on Albert Street) were opened. The establishment and expansion of the Army in these early days aroused a good deal of opposition, some of it very violent, and it is a tribute to both officers and soldiers that they stood up so staunchly to this kind of reception. The story as a whole is a parochial one of interest principally to members of the Army. One of the group's more impressive social achievements between 1900 and 1914 was the carrying out of its colonization scheme whereby about 200,000 persons from the British Isles came to settle in Canada.

4. *Books on Art* D. W. BUCHANAN

An excellent book, although one only likely to be used by specialists, is *Ceramics for the Potter* (University of Toronto Press, xvi, 225 pp., $4.50) by Ruth M. Home, who is on the staff of the Royal Ontario Museum. A work of erudition and authority, it gives not only the history but also the present practice of this craft. The information is presented accurately and clearly. In addition, the volume is well printed and well bound. All in all, it is a most satisfactory achievement.

One cannot quite say the same for *Canadian Drawings and Prints* (Burns and MacEachern, 24 pp., 100 plates, $5) by Paul Duval. It suffers because all the drawings are printed by the normal photo-engraving screen process on glossy paper, a method not nearly as accurate or effective for the purpose as offset lithography on a less shiny paper would have been. The selection of the works shown, on

the whole, has been carefully made. Yet, in an attempt to be fully representative, the editor has included too many secondary works and so has neglected to give adequate space to some of the better draughtsmen among our artists. For example, why two pages for Bertram Booker and only one, and that a poor choice, for B. C. Binning? Yet, as far as it goes, this book does much to fill a gap which had previously existed in the documentation of Canadian art.

Paul Duval has also written twenty pages of introductory notes to a small volume of reproductions of paintings by A. J. Casson (Ryerson, 64 pp., $4.50). This painter began as one of the lesser known members of the Group of Seven and then became president of the Royal Canadian Academy. Some may think this to have been an unexpected metamorphosis for a sometime rebel. Yet Casson always had the seeds of convention and dignity within him. A good deal of the freshness of his earlier landscapes of rural Ontario has disappeared in his later work, much of which is full of increasing mannerisms in style.

Not published in Canada but written by a Canadian and now distributed in this country is *Design with Type* (New York, Pellegrini and Cudahy, 128 pp., $4.50) by Carl Dair. This is the first book of its kind to deal, in both general and specific terms, with the use of printing type in contemporary design. As such it is rapidly becoming a handbook for printers and students everywhere in North America. Intelligently written, imaginatively put together, it is a worthy adaptation of Bauhaus principles to North American practice.

Most original is Laurence Hyde's *Southern Cross* (Los Angeles, Ward Ritchie, 1951, vi, 257 pp., $5 hard covers, $1.50 soft), a story told in wood engravings. The theme is related to Bikini and the atom bomb. But there is both an intensity and a restraint in Hyde's engravings which enables his book to transcend any mere newspaper actuality of reference. The book deserves the praise given it by Rockwell Kent in the Foreword.

5. *War Books* — Hugh Maclean

Two weighty volumes, the official history of *The Naval Service of Canada* (Ottawa, Queen's Printer, xii, 436, xiv, 579 pp., $5) by the Director of the Naval Historical Section, Professor Gilbert Tucker, though published some time ago, have been received this year. Since this work excludes the discussion of operations (considered by Joseph Schull in *The Far Distant Ships*), the author has been able to devote his entire attention to the origins and early history of the Canadian Navy, and to administrative activities during and after the late war.

A less skilful or well-equipped author than Professor Tucker might easily have made the treatment of these matters dreary and monotonous; but in his hands, for the most part, both volumes, and particularly the first, make fascinating and at times even exciting reading. The curious transaction by which the province of British Columbia became, in 1914, the temporary owner of two second-hand submarines is discussed with relish and humour. The activities of H.M.C.S. *Niobe* and *Rainbow* in the First World War are considered in detail. Nor is the low comedy episode of Canada's first warship, H.M.C.S. *Charybdis*, stationed at Saint John and Halifax in 1881-2, forgotten. "The *Charybdis* incident," the author mildly remarks, "was often afterwards referred to in Canada as a warning to those desirous that some Canadian naval effort should be undertaken." But Professor Tucker is at his best when dealing with the tangled complexities of party politics in Canada between 1909 and 1914: he follows with loving care the shifting currents of opinion, reflected in the balance of power at Ottawa, regarding Canadian naval policy; the Naval Service Act and the Naval Aid Bill are lucidly related to the complicated problems confronting Borden and Laurier. In these chapters especially, the author's comments and descriptive analyses are supported by extensive documentation. The second volume, necessarily more limited in scope, is a workmanlike survey of the growth and increasing responsibilities of the Canadian naval forces throughout and since the last war. Both volumes contain reproductions of paintings, by Canadian artists, of naval activity at sea and in Canada's east coast seaports.

Two regimental histories complete the short list of military books received: *The Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry Highlanders, 1783-1951* (Ottawa, Runge Press, x, 449 pp., $5) by Lt.-Col. W. Boss, C.D., and *The Princess Louise Dragoon Guards* (Ottawa, the Guards, 60 Queen St., 306 pp., $3.95) by Lt.-Col. H. M. Jackson, M.B.E., E.D. Although neither volume is likely to reach many members of its most obvious audience—the men and officers, now scattered, who fought with these units in the last war—owing to the seven-year lapse since demobilization, each author has turned out a first-class job. Indeed, the quality of regimental histories to appear since 1946 has varied, with only a few exceptions, in direct proportion to the time elapsed between the end of hostilities and publication; recent works meet higher standards. These two latest volumes discuss the origins and pre-war histories of the regiments without allowing such material to occupy disproportionate space; each author gives a careful account of his unit's participation in the Second World War. Lt.-Col. Boss has adopted a somewhat more informal style than has Lt.-Col. Jack-

son, and this slightly relaxed manner, though at times a little strained, adds interest, on the whole, to his account. Both books, as usual with this genre, are well supplied with relevant photographs and maps.

6. *Canada: The Land and the People* — J. M. S. Careless

In this section there are fewer regional studies to notice for 1952 than in several years preceding. Some of the regions of Canada are hardly represented at all, though quality at times makes up for lack of quantity. For instance, only one book deals with Canada's Atlantic region, and that with her easternmost, island province. Yet *Newfoundland Holiday* (Ryerson, x, 272 pp., $4) by J. Harry Smith would probably stand out even if there had been a number of other works on the Atlantic area this year.

Here is the record of a leisurely holiday tour around the coasts and across the interior of Newfoundland. A sympathetic visitor from the Canadian mainland, Mr. Smith has sought to trace out and comprehend the character of this newest member of Canadian confederation. He seems to have succeeded in his effort—largely because he has realized the importance of Newfoundland's past for an understanding of the island today; for in this province, just as in Quebec, the present population is mainly descended from the original groups of settlers and holds firmly to ancestral memories. The author's concern for history, together with his observant eye and power of lucid description, does much to give *Newfoundland Holiday* its value as a regional study.

Less valuable is *Kaleidescopic Quebec* (Longmans, Green, x, 278 pp., $3.75) by Amy Oakley, the sole representative this year of another large area of the Canadian scene. This is a travel book, pure and simple. It is smoothly written and full of Baedeker information, quite attractively set forth. It effectively presents the colour and variety of the Quebec scene, both in words and through many well-drawn illustrations by Thornton Oakley, the author's husband. Nevertheless Mrs. Oakley's work is essentially a surface treatment, appreciative though it may be. This is an entertaining holiday book, but of a different calibre from *Newfoundland Holiday*.

The Bruce Beckons (University of Toronto Press, xviii, 235 pp., $4) by Sherwood Fox, involves a holiday in still another sense. At least, its author states that this book on Ontario's Lake Huron peninsula is not a history of the region but "a holiday between covers," a carefree saunter through the scenes and stories of the Bruce, with no other purpose but enjoyment: Dr. Fox wants only to transmit to others the pleasures he has found in many a summer spent amid the rocks,

woods, and islands of the long limestone peninsula. Such an approach, of course, avoids various problems of organization, and allows the author to bring together some rather unrelated and incomplete themes, connected only in that they all concern the Bruce. They include records of shipwreck, quests for the hidden plant wonders of the region, stories of Massasauga rattlesnakes, of lumber mills, and pioneer clergymen. Yet somehow a vivid impression is left of the life, growth, and natural marvels of this furthest tip of Old Ontario.

The western plains country has earned more attention this year than the regions discussed so far. There is, for example, Grant MacEwan's *Between the Red and the Rockies* (University of Toronto Press, x, 300 pp., $3.50), an agricultural history of Canada's prairie West from fur-trade days to the latest trends in farming. The term "agricultural history" should not deter the general reader, for the book is neither technical nor filled with historical detail. The specialist, in fact, would find it thin. But it does tell the unparalleled story, as the author puts it, "of the conversion of half a nation from wilderness to an enterprising agricultural community in a single generation." Here, in a hackneyed phrase, is the romance of western agriculture. Yet the story is not hackneyed as Mr. MacEwan tells it, and the romance lies in the facts he has to present. Accordingly, the combination of particular knowledge and the author's warm feeling for his native region produces such noteworthy chapters as "Klondike Beef," which tells of Pat Burns's cattle drive to the Yukon gold fields, and "The Agricultural Revolution," which describes the sweeping changes that accompanied the introduction of farm machinery in the West.

This is Alberta (Ryerson, x, 190 pp., $4) by Ken E. Liddell expresses much the same enthusiasm for the expansive West, and chattily tours us through a wide variety of Albertan scenes and developments. But, if a drab easterner may say it, the breezy "booster" tone sometimes grows a bit wearing, and the standard *clichés* and slang of journalism do not help greatly. "The old trail has sure changed. . . . So let's get going." The striking photographs are perhaps the brightest part of the book.

Quite different is *The Land of Twelve-Foot Davis* (Edmonton, Applied Arts Products, 395 pp., $4.50) by J. G. MacGregor, which deals with the Peace River country, an area also touched on in Mr. Liddell's work. Twelve-Foot Davis, the legendary pioneer figure of the Peace, earned his name as a gold-miner in the Cariboo when he took a small fortune out of a neglected twelve-foot strip between two richly producing claims. He only enters this book briefly, for it is a large and full history of the Peace country, its fur-traders, its forts

and trails, its missionaries and settlers. The author, as in his earlier *Blanket and Beads*, the story of the Saskatchewan, reveals a keen feeling for regional history. But his latest production is a larger and better book, marked by some powerful descriptive passages and an effective use of anecdote. It is also a notably bad job of book-making, poorly bound, with unattractive, ill-set type.

Beyond the mountains, *Ravens and Prophets* (London, Allan Wingate [Ambassador], viii, 244 pp., $3) reports on British Columbia today: on the basis of four tours through different parts of the province made variously by car, rail, steamship, and on foot, and all in the space of a month or so. This is another type of travel book, one that harks back to a classic form of writing on Canada—the work of the English literary tourist abroad in the empire, who sums it all up for the metropolitan audience back home, usually somewhat unfavourably, on the basis of a brisk canter through the settlements.

The author of *Ravens and Prophets*, George Woodcock, was born in Canada but was educated in England, where he made a distinguished literary career for himself. This work, written two years after his return to Canada (years spent on Vancouver Island, not on the mainland) has the character of a latter-day English travel tale, wherein, indeed, the indefatigable author is pleased to record that he amused the effete natives by carrying on in all sorts of weather. It has as well the literary skill and clarity, the astringent air and the self-assurance, that made some of its nineteenth-century predecessors such stimulating reading. One may question whether Mr. Woodcock is well equipped to judge British Columbia as confidently as he does, but at least he offers a healthy antidote to boosterism.

Mr. Woodcock writes some of his most interesting passages on the Doukhobors he visited in the Kootenay district. The Doukhobors in Canada, and largely in British Columbia, are also the subject of a full-scale study, *Doukhobors at War* (Ryerson, x, 250 pp., $4.50) by John P. Zubek and Patricia Anne Solberg. Here is another unfortunate case where authors begin by asserting that they are not historians, and then go on to write what is essentially history as if they may now safely ignore its canons. These two social scientists are "using history only as a tool," but the tool drops often from their hands as they invent long conversations and embellish incidents with all the zest of scenario-writers turning fact into "gripping drama." Nevertheless they analyse the Doukhobor sect with knowledge and sympathy. Their main preoccupation is the social problem posed by the radical Sons of Freedom, and it is treated with sound common sense—though rather in terms of socio-logic, as a matter of in-groups and out-groups. This is a book

well worth reading, if one does not mind the romantic embroidery that strangely bedecks its sociological theme.

There seems to be some romantic embroidery in Farley Mowat's *People of the Deer* (Boston, Little, Brown [McClelland & Stewart], viii, 344 pp., $4.50) which tells of the tragedy of a once vigorous Caribou Eskimo folk, dwellers of the sub-arctic barrens, who are facing extinction, the author believes, because of the irresponsible interference and callous indifference of white civilization. Mr. Mowat first discovered the remnants of this people during a sojourn in the Barren Lands in 1947. He asserts that the white man taught them to trap foxes rather than hunt the caribou, their traditional source of food. Their whole pattern of life was upset, and they became dependent on rifles, which also rapidly depleted the great deer herds. And then, when the demand for arctic fox furs declined, they were left with empty guns and few caribou, to a fate of slow starvation. It is a grievous tale, told with dramatic force and intense conviction.

Many authorities on the Arctic, however, have strongly disputed Mr. Mowat's assertions and judgments. There is no space to go into all their attacks, but they point out, for example, that the bounty paid to the natives for collecting deers' tongues, which he bitterly charges was a device to sell cartridges that left thousands of caribou carcasses rotting in waste, was actually paid on a small arctic herb called the deer's tongue, used in medicine. And they cast doubt on the whole history of the Ihalmiuts, the People of the Deer, since the author claims to have gathered most of it from conversations with the few remaining Ihalmiuts, whose language he picked up during his stay with them. Yet the critics assert that the highly complex Eskimo tongues are barely to be learned in many years and certainly not in months. In short, they doubt the very existence of Mr. Mowat's Ihalmiuts as a once thriving people now reduced to a tiny band.

The present reviewer can hardly decide such a controversy. There is no need to bow automatically to the entrenched authorities, perhaps, but it must be admitted that their criticisms seem strong enough to bring one to view this extremely well-written book with a rather quizzical eye. And just because it is so well written, so forceful, and so controversial, *People of the Deer* deserves attention. If it were shown to be only a kind of sub-arctic romance, it would still merit reading for its literary qualities, above all its brilliant powers of description.

Richard Harrington has also brilliantly described the far North—through his superb photographs in *The Face of the Arctic* (New York, Henry Schuman [Nelson], xiv, 369 pp., $6.50). This, moreover, is a most effective piece of book-making, from its dramatic photographic

cover of a lighted igloo glowing with strange luminescence in the arctic night to its well-designed, bold, black-and-white typography, which sets off the many photographs but in no way minimizes the text. As for the text, it is the spirited record of sub-zero journeys across the western Arctic, when the pictures were taken, of weeks spent on patrol with the Mounted Police, with Eskimos and their dog-teams, and amid the "starvation camps" of the Padleimiut people. Mr. Harrington no less than Mr. Mowat expresses an intensity of feeling about the far northern regions—the vastness and monotony, the grandeur and the savagery. And again like Mr. Mowat, he has a deep affection for the Eskimo. Eskimo kindness, cheerfulness, and natural politeness are all depicted in sharp contrast to the shortcomings of civilized man. The trouble is that after a while the reader becomes slightly burdened with this new northward extension of Rousseau's noble savage, and is hopefully on the look-out for a bad Eskimo. But he never sees one—though he may see one debauched by the white man.

The Tundra World (Boston, Little, Brown [McClelland & Stewart], xiv, 266 pp., $3.50) by Theodora Stanwell-Fletcher deserves mention, although it is a milder and less impressive book than the two preceding. This is an account in journal form of a woman naturalist's summer in the tundra barrens about Churchill. The semi-fictional mould in which the book is cast does not seem to strengthen it; its type-characters sound rather like those of the magazine, and the real experience that lies behind it therefore does not ring as true. Nevertheless it is full of sensitive description of the plant and bird life that give the summer tundra world its startling, short-lived beauty and brief, tremendous vitality. The sense of the colour and vigour of the northern summer is perhaps the strongest element in Mrs. Stanwell-Fletcher's work.

From igloos and tundra to *Historic Houses of Canada* (Ryerson, viii, 152 pp., $4) is a long jump, but it is the sort of leap that must often be made in discussing the varied writings in this section. Miss Katherine Hale's volume is really a revision and reissue of an earlier work. It must regretfully be stated that it does not seem to have been worth the effort. The author has a splendid theme, and a good deal of interest and information to give it. But too often the houses do not come to life. They are simply pegs on which to hang some historical anecdotes or a little description of exteriors and interiors. The story of old houses and their occupants could have been used effectively to throw light on Canadian social and cultural development. But despite the author's contention that she is concerned with the people who lived in the houses, their "bones and sinew," they do not seem much

more real than in biographical dictionaries. And the rather fuzzy illustrations add little. This then, remains a good idea, inadequately carried out.

Another good idea is embodied in *Canada's Governors-General, 1867-1952* (York Publishing, xxvi, 210 pp., $3.50) by John Cowan. The book is built on the thought that the years between Confederation and 1952 constitute the age of British governors-general in the Canadian dominion, an age that closed with the appointment of the first Canadian representative of the Crown. The era of British pro-consuls has passed, and Mr. Cowan sets himself to examine it. He does so by presenting a brief biography of each governor-general, illustrated with photograph or painting. He draws together some significant information on his subjects, and often gives extracts from their speeches. The chief objection to the book, however, is that it is so completely uncritical, and nowhere really offers any conclusions or any general evaluation of the men with whom it is concerned. Perhaps, in the case of recent governors-general, it is necessary still to be circumspect; but on the whole the work of these imperial pro-consuls was of such solid worth that an air of polite discretion minimizes rather than enhances their record in Canada. Hence Mr. Cowan's volume remains a useful but superficial compilation.

A far more valuable compilation is Robert M. Hamilton's *Canadian Quotations and Phrases* (McClelland & Stewart, xiv, 272 pp., $8). This, indeed, is probably one of the most permanently valuable books of the past year. It would command attention alone because of the long labours that must have gone into gathering its 3,500 quotations on what Canadians have said about Canada and things in general, fragments painstakingly collected from a wide assortment of books, magazines, newspapers, speeches, and letters. But beyond that, Mr. Hamilton's dictionary proves, surprisingly enough, how many quotable things Canadians have said. Of course the value is uneven. On some subjects remarks seem to have been included only because notable inhabitants of Canada made them. Even so, the words of leading Canadians sometimes deserve inclusion just because they were leading Canadians. Quite often, after all, the deathless comments of George Washington or William Ewart Gladstone would have been interred at once, had they been made by Washington's aide-de-camp or a back-bench Liberal. And I would not wholly disagree with Bruce Hutchison in his introduction to Mr. Hamilton's book that the author "has made a unique contribution to our national life by proving . . . that Canadians have something to say, and can say it in a fashion indigenous, pungent and unmistakably Canadian."

Another contribution to our national life is *Conservation in Canada*, by O. M. McConkey (Dent, xx, 215 pp., $3.50), because it makes clear that we will not continue to enjoy that life on anything like the present scale unless we adopt a sane over-all programme for managing our natural resources. This work, written by an international authority on conservation and a specialist in field husbandry, might be expected to make dull and technical reading. Actually it is full of interest, and gives a clear account of the Canadian use of resources from coast to coast, and the measures necessary to prevent their waste. It is well illustrated too.

Quite a contrast to this sober, admonitory book is Leslie Roberts' ebullient *Canada, the Golden Hinge* (Clarke, Irwin, x, 288 pp., $3.50). Here is a description, by regions, of the life, work, and achievements of Canada today. It seems to be directed largely to an American audience, and, in an effort to sell Canada, is prone to paint a glowing and over-simplified picture of this "hinge" between the Old World and the New. Mr. Roberts gilds the hinge thickly: we may not be positive that it is all pure gold. Yet his work has moments of insight, as well as enthusiasm to spare, and brings together in fluent pages a large amount of material on Canada, particularly on its present rapid rate of growth. Mr. Roberts is not as objective as his publishers state, but he is, at least, a persuasive kind of booster. Moreover, it is hard to resist his strong conviction that a hinge has a function of its own: to join, and yet be separate.

The final contribution of the year is also the most massive: *Canadian Regions* (Dent, x, 601 pp., $9), a geography of Canada edited by D. F. Putnam, and written by Putnam, B. Brouillette, D. P. Kerr, and J. L. Robinson. This is the plain fact of Canada, while Mr. Roberts' book denotes the hope, if not the fiction. In close to six hundred large pages it covers the physical, human, and economic geography of all the Canadian regions and sub-regions—a weighty one-volume study. One of its most interesting features, from the standpoint of this reviewer, is the amount of information supplied on the communities and cities of Canada. And while statistics, charts, and diagrams are amply provided for the quantitative expert, the cultural and qualitative aspects of Canadian development are by no means neglected. Whatever its precise value as a geography text, *Canadian Regions* may herewith be termed required reading for anyone seeking to understand the Canadian land and people. This major achievement, in fact, effectively caps our whole discussion of last year's regional writing in Canada.

7. *Other Books* THE EDITOR

Under this final and non-committal sub-heading will be mentioned a few books mainly on travel and education. Undoubtedly the volume of greatest general interest in this group is *Journey into Wonder* (Dodd, Mead, xiv, 338 pp., $4) by N. J. Berrill, Professor of Zoology at McGill University. Mr. Berrill is a marine biologist who has conducted his investigations in many regions of the world, but the theme of his book is not one man's travels but famous voyages of geographic and scientific discovery from Columbus to Scott and Shackleton—plus more to be mentioned a little later. This general scheme allows him to make full use of the journals of Columbus, Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*, the records of the voyages of Dampier, Cook, Humboldt, Darwin—all fascinating documents and often of real literary distinction. But Mr. Berrill is not merely compiling a collection of sea travels in chronological order; he constantly uses later scientific knowledge to explain events and identify objects which the earlier voyagers found new, frightening, or supernatural. It is a journey across the seas into wonder and into knowledge, especially the biologist's knowledge. After the chapter on twentieth-century Antarctic exploration, when the plan of the book seems fulfilled and the story ended, Mr. Berrill adds two more chapters on palaeontological investigations and discoveries, reversing the direction of our journey in time and leaving the way to further and different voyages into wonder wide open. Altogether this is an unusual and fascinating book, especially for the general reader who is interested in the history of exploration and natural history.

Closer to the usual form and content of the travel-book is *Plataforma* (New Westminster, B.C., Columbian Company, viii, 182 pp.) by Dorothy G. Taylor, which is the story of her motor trip, alone except for her dog, into Central America in the winter of 1945-6. Beguiled by tales of how near the Pan-American Highway was to completion, she left Vancouver hoping to drive all the way to Buenos Aires, but after much good road and a great deal that was appallingly bad and two days on a flat-car (*plataforma*) when the highway temporarily disappeared, she pushed south, finally on burro-back by what had become a jungle trail in Costa Rica, until she gave up the scheme and turned toward home. This is a pleasant, informal narrative of where she went and what she noticed, of the hazards of travel with an old car, worn tires, and few gasolene stations, of the hotels and peasant houses in which she stayed, and of her chance acquaintances along the way. Miss Taylor is evidently a self-reliant person. As the

group of fierce-looking Costa Rican horsemen remarked who passed her alone on the jungle trail: "Que valor!" We may also marvel that these petty Central American states with their primitive ways, so near to the United States, have not been overwhelmed by the forces of world politics and modern technology.

Another volume that belongs somewhere in this sub-section is *The Battle of Baltinglass* (London, Harrap [Clarke, Irwin], 191 pp., $3) by Lawrence Earl, in which he gives us a full and factual report on the Baltinglass troubles that shook Eire and the world in 1950. It appears that in that village (pop. 800), as generally throughout the country, the honours and emoluments of sub-postmaster or postmistress have been handed down in the same family for generations, so when the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs failed to appoint Helen Cooke, whose Aunt Katie had been the previous incumbent, there was immediately a great to-do—a Helen Cooke Committee, letters to the papers, processions and protest meetings, questions in the Dail, accusations of political jobbery, picketing of the post-office, and not entirely passive resistance to the police. Eventually the new appointee quit and the unhappy and headstrong minister yielded to the inevitable. All this has been described as an example of practical democracy. It was also an issue upon which, to everyone's surprise, the village ultra-nationalists and an Anglo-Irish major-general could combine forces with excellent results. However, when it was discovered that a lady who was helping on the picket lines was a cousin of the Queen, everyone recognized that assistance from her would be politically fatal to even the best of causes.

Of the few books on education, apart from historical studies mentioned by Mr. Brady in Section IV, certainly the most impressive is *Mind, School, and Civilization* (Chicago University Press [Gage], xii, 132 pp., $3) by John Macdonald, Professor of Philosophy and Dean of Arts in the University of Alberta, whose purpose was to outline "a philosophy of education . . . in simple, everyday language." This is a brief but comprehensive survey of the subject, its range being suggested by the three nouns of the title. Mr. Macdonald is, for the most part, a "traditionalist" in his views of man, society, and education, but he is not crusading against modern educational heresies and follies; he is trying rather to re-examine old problems in relation to modern circumstances. The reader may be most struck by the moderation and good sense displayed in the systematic discussion of a vexed and involved subject. A much less ambitious effort is *Should We All Think Alike? Differentiating Characteristics of French Canadian Education in Quebec* (Gage, 112 pp., $1.25) by W. P. Percival,

Director of Protestant Education and Deputy Minister of Education for Quebec. It is little more than a description of the dual organization of schools and curricula in the province with special reference to French-Canadian affairs, and the author says what a prudent public servant would be expected to say. Finally, *Through the Years* (Ryerson, xiv, 45 pp., $2.50) by the late O. J. Stevenson of the Ontario Agricultural College belongs in this sub-section and may be considered along with books on education. For twelve years he contributed a monthly column to the *Ontario Agricultural College Review*, and about sixty of these brief items—essays, descriptions, stories, notes—have been collected with a Foreword by Mrs. Stevenson and an Introduction by W. S. Wallace. They are all in their informal way educative. Mr. Stevenson writes of authors and books, of literary style and semantics, and quotes frequently from a varied store of poetry. Even in this slight volume the reader may get some impression of the kind of influence which he exerted for so many years upon his students at Guelph.

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